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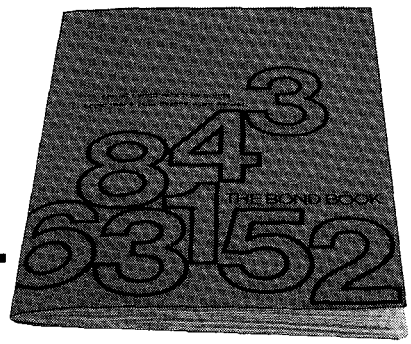

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TRB

from Washington ®
March 12, 1977

Guarding the Border

It is a stark, sardonic little ceremony in the bare office of the justice of the peace as he pronounces them man and wife. He decides not to crack his ritual smile and congratulate the bride and offer her a Woolworth posy which he keeps in the file cabinet under M for such affecting occasions. She is a big woman, 45 years or older (it is hard to say) and the groom is maybe 30. It must have been a swift romance for the groom's tourist visa allows him only 30 days to stay in the United States. But these Latins are impetuous lovers, of course, and now he is married to an American citizen: he can stay for the rest of his life.

Meet Marrying Mary, the Bartered Bride. She is one of the accessories in the loophole-ridden American immigration law; a law so loose that Immigration Commissioner Leonard F. Chapman, Jr. says that with present personnel it can't be enforced. Mr. Chapman stands before me now ramrod straight. I don't know whether to address him as "Mister," "Commissioner" or "General." He is all three, with a direct, pleasant smile and braced shoulders. He is a four-star general, ex-commandant of the Marine Corps (1968-1972), who fought in the battles of Coral Sea and Midway. He has the equivalent of three Distinguished Service Medals. This immigration battle he is in now is tougher. One antagonist, for example, is Marrying Mary.

Marrying Mary has probably "married" her last man for she now faces indictment. In this poignant little scene which I have described her latest spouse, Juan Fernandez (not his name), has paid $500, and will pay $1000 more when the process is complete. First he will fill out a yellow duplicate sheet with 30 questions asking the Immigration Service for a reclassification of status as the spouse of an American. If granted, he gets a "Green" card (so-called because it is blue) which is a ticket for life in the United States. After five years he can apply for full citizenship.

Commissioner Chapman tells me about Marrying Mary:

"She married six aliens to achieve their entry into this country. She has two daughters and each has married three aliens. She also has a common-law husband, with two marriages to alien women.

"In addition to the fees collected for the sham marriages this enterprising female applied for and collected welfare in each of her six married names; her two daughters collected welfare in each of their three married names. She also collected an Aid to Dependent Children welfare check for two children which one of the men brought with him."

A grudge tip revealed a bigger alien nuptial racket in Texas recently, one which has brought a confession. Behind a modest façade of tax consultant and notary public the enterprising entrepreneur found US-citizen spouses for aliens who wished to stay in this country. He was a meticulous bookkeeper and a man of painstaking detail whose entire record was exposed when they raided the place: there were 3500 fake marriages at a going rate of $1600. Not a bad take—$5.6 million. But our man serviced his customers; after getting married and through immigration he got them divorces, one about as easy to obtain as the other.

The story of Marrying Mary is just froth, however, on the bigger ocean of illegal aliens pouring into the United States; a story, apparently that neither *Time* magazine, nor *Newsweek*, has heard about. On the same day last month both had stories about a forthcoming stabilized population with zero population growth. Says *Newsweek*: "Unless there is a new baby boom the demographic trends are inexorable." Neither magazine mentioned the hateful word "immigration." The stories are all right except that they are nonsense. Immigration, most of it illegal, is already filling the vacuum caused by what *Time* so wittily calls the birth dearth.

"There are today in the United States six to eight million illegal aliens," says Chapman, "and that number is increasing by half a million to a million each year. Illegal immigration is hopelessly out of control. With our limited manpower the immigration laws of this country are unenforceable."

President Ford in January 1975 set up a Domestic Council Committee on Illegal Aliens. In December it issued its 257-page report and *Newsweek* and *Time* will find out about it any year now. "The most important and authoritative ever made," says Rep. Benjamin Rosenthal (D, NY).

(continued on page 38)

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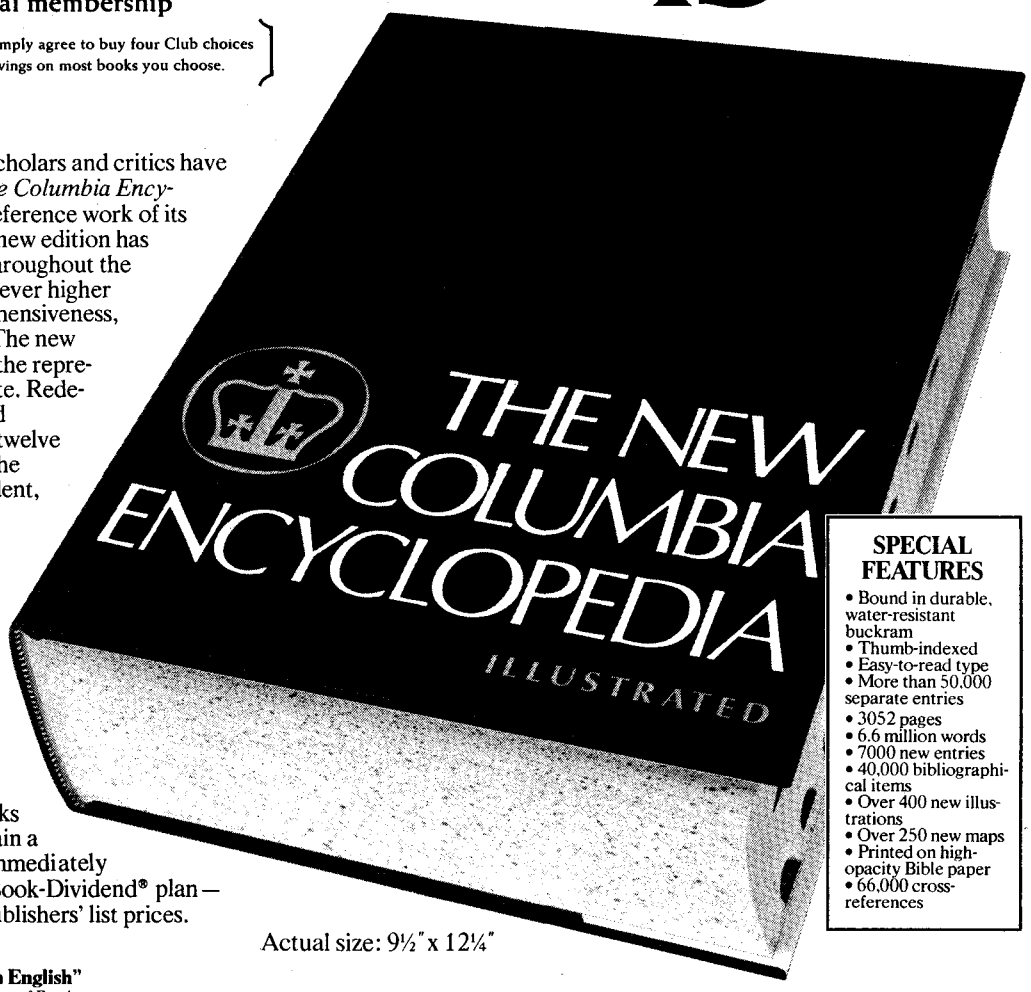

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

Is the Fix in on Natural Gas?

President Carter's comments on the natural gas shortage at his last press conference indicate that the new administration may be continuing the old Nixon-Ford policy of looking the other way while the energy companies pull a flim-flam on the public about the causes of the shortage. (See "They're Giving Us Gas, All Right," by James Nathan Miller, *TNR*, Feb. 12.)

Carter was asked why the American people should be expected to make sacrifices in conserving energy when there are widespread suspicions that the energy companies have been deliberately withholding gas from the market. He gave a two-part answer. First: "I think it's obvious to all of us that there are some instances where natural gas is withheld from the market. That's understandable. If I was running an oil company I would reserve the right to release or to reserve some supplies of natural gas." This indicates either ignorance on Carter's part or an intent to deceive. All the currently known cases of withholding involve gas fields that are leased from the federal government. The law requires the leaseholders to market this gas "expeditiously," and it charges the Secretary of the Interior with assuring that they do so with "due diligence." In other words, it's illegal to withhold gas on federal lands when there's a market for it; yet this is what Carter said he sympathized with the companies for doing.

The second part of Carter's answer dealt with charges that the companies are underestimating the size of their resources: "I want to increase the surety that we have that the reserve supply data given to us by the oil companies and others are accurate. We are now conducting some admittedly superficial studies by Secretary Cecil Andrus in Interior, and also they'll be followed up by more detailed studies under Dr. Schlesinger, to see whether or not the reserve supplies are adequate and whether or not the oil companies are giving us accurate data." This downgrading of Andrus's role in the investigation and upgrading of Schlesinger's looks ominous to those familiar with the long series of powder-puff investigations of the reserves figures that were carried out by the friends of the oil companies in the Nixon and Ford administrations.

Andrus has given every sign of wanting a tough and honest investigation. As soon as he received charges of withholding early this month (Ohio's Senator Howard Metzenbaum sent him a long list of cases on January 31), he moved quickly and forcefully, sending an independent team of outside investigators to Louisiana to spot-check the US Geological Survey's records of company holdings in the federal offshore fields. He even dispatched one of his top aides to Louisiana to impress on the USGS geologists the importance of giving the investigators all the information they asked for. When the investigating team reported back that their small-sample spot check indicated large-scale withholding, Andrus promptly announced the findings at a press conference and promised to get started immediately on a broad-scale investigation. He said it would be complete in 60 to 90 days.

But now the rug seems to be pulled out from under Andrus, and in his place we have energy czar James Schlesinger. When Schlesinger was Nixon's chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission (a post that nobody got in those days without industry approval), he proved himself a good friend of the big energy companies. Schlesinger's public statements in his new post already have put him on record as pooh-poohing the significance of the reserves question; three weeks ago he said, "I keep hearing about gas that's been squirreled away, but whenever we get close to it it becomes evanescent." Not only is this statement contrary to Carter's acknowledgement that there *is* withholding, but when Schlesinger made the statement he could not possibly have had time to look into the details of the many charges of withholding.

Could it be that the fix is in this early in the game?

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On the Other Hand

Puritans' Revenge

Macauley said it about the English, but it's equally true of Americans: there is no spectacle so ridiculous as the public in one of its periodic fits of morality. We are now in one of these: reform is scattered like buckshot, and bags nothing consequential. *TNR* lent support last week to a remedy intended less for a particular abuse than for the lingering burden of Watergate and other scandals on the American conscience.

The proposal in question would limit the outside earned income of members of Congress. The House voted last week to impose a $15,000 annual limit on its members. The Senate will consider an identical code provision soon. Those who clip coupons, collect dividends and have capital gains remain free to accumulate whatever the economy allows them. The rich, it is assumed, are inspired to public service by *noblesse oblige*. Legislators less favored by genetics and luck must have their appetites curbed by law. If the men and women of Congress want to live in both Washington and the home district, keep families intact and happen to have children who go to expensive colleges, they'd be wise to think of quitting or, better yet, never run at all.

It's an invidious distinction that's made between those who inherit their comfort and those who must work for it. And it's not made less invidious by how hard it is now to save for a modest estate without the advantage of starting out with a large one. The invidious distinction also is included in the financial disclosure provision of the proposed ethics code: those who work for what they get must tell all; those who already possess don't have to tell very much.

Purifying the pond, William Stafford wrote, kills the lilies. The composition of Congress will change quickly if these proposals are adopted. There'll be more very wealthy folk in it. Wealthy people already benefit from an earlier Watergate reform that limits politicians who must hustle for contributions to $1000 per customer, but places no limit on a candidate's expenditures in his own behalf. The limit on outside earned income will tend to reduce the pool of available talent at a time when it needs replenishing and not diminishing.

To be sure, the new congressional salary of $57,500 is more than adequate. But it is not so lavish that it would be unreasonable for, say, a successful professional whose family is accustomed to a lifestyle reflecting a higher disposable income to want more. Certainly wanting more is not evidence of a flawed moral character. The most common way public figures supplement their earnings is on the lecture and banquet circuit. That is corrupting only on the most malign reading of human nature.

It is not a fever for goodness, however, that motivates the reform, but a panic to re-establish public confidence in the Congress. But that confidence has been damaged by abuses totally unrelated to this reform. Nothing in the proposed legislation, for example, would make it illegal for legislators to be on the shadowy take of the Korean lobby. That has been illegal for years.

In the hysteria to purge the past, hokiness is forced to serve as a substitute for sound public policy. President Carter, like his predecessors, is surrounded by men with the special grace of money. It is not very probable that they would permit their specific financial holdings to influence their official behavior. The nexus of influence is much more complicated, and much less susceptible to procedural constraints. Products of their pasts, these individuals cannot put their friendships, associations, habits of thought and prejudices into a blind trust. So we ask them instead, the President included, to put their financial assets into a blind trust. But that accomplishes close to nothing: it doesn't even necessarily insulate them, despite all the nonsense on the subject to the contrary, from knowledge of their investments. In truth, there is no such thing as a blind trust. According to the Tax Reform Act of 1976, the grantor must see his detailed tax return even if it's prepared by someone else.

In another move to reassure, the White House released the income and net worth statements of members of the cabinet and four advisers to the President. They don't reveal as much as was promised. It was the promise that was wrong. Government service should not carry the cost of having to expose one's personal finances to popular curiosity. And curiosity is exactly what it is.

The public interest will not be served either by limiting the incomes of members of Congress, or by satiating some people's obsessive thirst to know just how rich powerful people are. These "reforms" are more likely to divert attention from the systemic distortions of American life than to correct them.

M.P.

This is the first appearance of an occasional feature in which individual editors express their disagreement with TNR *editorials.*

Welfare is cheaper.

Don't Save the Cities

The Crisis in the Inner City may not have returned to fashion with the arrival of the Carter administration, but now when the mayors come to Washington to sing their pauper's ditty on Capitol Hill more of the congressmen hum the same tune. Saving the cities is part of helping blacks, attacking structural unemployment, being sensitive to the needs of ethnic groups and strengthening the family, isn't it? Society as we've known it can't continue to exist without a strong, stable

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Correspondence

Defense of Suetonius

To the editors:

In 1765 Naphtali Daggett, professor of Divinity at Yale, writing as "Cato," penned vehement words in the *Connecticut Courant* protesting the Stamp Act. Why Daggett chose anonymity can be surmised; the range of possible reasons is wide. Roger Kuhn, writing in the February 12 issue of *TNR*, ignores the many good reasons that exist in the modern political scene that may explain Suetonius's opting for pseudonymity. I suspect that nostalgic whimsy is the true explanation, but how is that wrong? Should not the articles be capable of standing on their own? It cannot be denied that it is harder to judge the value of words when we lack the shortcut of pre-formed opinions of the author, but I see no inconsistency on *TNR*'s part and I applaud Suetonius, whoever it is, for reviving a time-honored tradition in political commentary.

Chas Cadwell
Washington, DC

To the editors:

What conceivable difference does it make whether Suetonius is a reincarnation or a pseudonym for Joe Doakes? If he has knowledge and ideas, I welcome his contributions.

Your correspondent, Roger Kuhn, is deluged with hundreds of anonymous items every time he opens his morning newspaper. They emanate from AP, UPI, Tass, other publications and news agencies, and "sources" uttering sententious commentaries the authorship of which remains a sublime secret.

It is amusing to note Mr. Kuhn's inconsistency in granting TRB a "prescriptive right" to remain anonymous because of his longevity (?), while demanding that Suetonius be banished from *TNR* because of his youthful modesty.

Journalists prefer to be martyrs in jail rather than reveal, even to legal authorities, the identity of their "sources." Perhaps the editors of *TNR* and Suetonius would unburden themselves if similarly threatened.

Mr. Kuhn has apparently forgotten the adage which begins: A rose by any other name . . . . He of course has the privilege of ignoring Suetonius as he scans TRB and other "names" that adorn the pages of *TNR*.

Joseph Van Gelder
Miami Beach, Florida

A Delicate Balance

To the editors:

Morton Kondracke in "Is There a Present Danger?" (*TNR*, Jan. 29) misstates my past as well as my present views. My "Delicate Balance of Terror," which he says sparked the missile gap controversy, in fact attacked all gap concepts—bomber gaps, missile gaps, high school physics teacher gaps, space travel gaps, etc. It said "a surprising proportion of the debate on defense policy has betrayed this confusion," and elaborated on the importance of a second-strike as distinct from a first-strike capability, a distinction I had introduced some eight years earlier in classified studies of the vulnerability of US strategic forces to bomber attack. In a lecture at Harvard in February 1959, I said further that the "Delicate Balance of Terror" was "directed against the fallacy of matching first strike capabilities which the missile gap controversy illustrates."

Many of the old Jeremiahs are present Pollyannas. They played a principal role then in creating the missile gap and diverting public attention from the real issues. I'm afraid that as Pollyannas they may now play a similar role using charges of alarmism and some badly potted history to distract from the fact that there is indeed, as Mr. Kondracke recognizes, a real problem posed by the trends in US and Soviet strategic spending. My article, which Mr. Kondracke refers to as "now" in *Foreign Policy*, appeared in June 1974. It carefully documented, on the basis of current public records rather than rumors about "the B team," the fact that for a decade or so after the brief period of the "missile gap" we systematically understated the strategic offense forces the Soviets would deploy, while repeating the stereotype that, as in the missile gap, we invariably or almost invariably overestimate. But the article ended:

> *It would be unfortunate if we should swing now from understatement to the opposite extreme. It would be nice, though far from easy, to get it nearly right. Even if we do, the implications for our strategic budgets will by no means be simple.*

That doesn't sound like a Jeremiad. I hope with Mr. Kondracke that there will be a debate. Among other things, we should question the credibility, not to say the morality, of any strategic policy based on a suicidal threat deliberately to kill civilians. Indeed some of the issues of the debate Mr. Kondracke suggests correctly. But let's hope also that it won't dissolve in a muddle about "rough equivalence" or "superiority" or the usual cliches about hard liners and soft liners and that it will not be a simple-minded opposition of Pollyannas and Jeremiahs.

Albert Wohlstetter
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and prosperous urban core, can it?

Yes, it can. Our cities aren't in crisis. In fact they're doing very well, although they're not doing what they used to do. Like themythic small town seen in the background of so many headache commercials, the mythic city of happy, stable ethnic neighborhoods—where everybody ate matzoh balls and lasagna and loved one another—is irredeemably gone, if it ever really existed. From Calcutta to Chicago, the new job of cities is to be a receptacle for the deracinated and surplus poor eroded off the farmlands and towns of our societies.

The test of how well a city is doing isn't its indebtedness, the level of its services, the pleasantness of urban life or any other such measure. The test is how well it can serve as a warehouse for human junk at costs competitive to other possible arrangements. The successful modern city is a place where the old, the minority young, the black, all the social and medical terminal cases, can be institutionalized at a relatively low cost.

The housing runs from forlorn to nightmarish, but it's paid for. In fact, the whole set-up is amortized. What's more, the high population density makes it cheaper and more convenient for the government to administer its various programs for the dead, dying and ambulatory zombies who constitute the bulk of the inner city inhabitants. The extra costs of running these employment programs and housing programs aren't incurred primarily to help its intended beneficiaries; their real purpose is to salve liberal consciences with the thought that something is being done.

The present system of creating task forces, special commissions and blue-ribbon inquiries to suggest new, low-cost ineffectual programs probably has some ancillary tranquilizing effect on the inner city. It gives the impression that help is on the way, so hold on.

But is there a cheaper or more satisfactory way of dealing with the economically superfluous inhabitants of Innercityland? Does getting them off the welfare rolls and onto the tax rolls really make sense?

It would if there were private-sector employment for them. But the truth is that productivity on farms and in factories is so great that even war, heretofore the only known cure for the economic blahs, may not be able to put the inner city to work. Even in boom times, the denizens of the urban central core have skill levels that are too low and absentee rates that are too high. So we get suggestions that the government subsidize private-sector companies to hire unnecessary and useless employees—thereby translating the principles of public administration and the civil service into the productive and vital sectors of our economy.

No skills, you say? Let's try training. The money spent on training the economically incapacitated will flow back to us a dozenfold. Well, the same social workers, educationalists and therapists who can't rehabilitate murderers, bank robbers and rapists enjoy equal success in equipping people for the job market. Not that it matters, since there are no jobs anyway, but for the record: no persuasive data exist to show that training programs can justify themselves economically. To do so they would have to place enough people in enough jobs so that the taxes the newly-employed pay would go some significant way toward covering the costs of the training programs. Otherwise what the taxpaying portion of the public gets stuck with is the normal costs of welfare *plus* the special costs of the training.

In working out this calculation, it's no fair counting people as legitimately employed if they are working for the government in the welfare field or for a government contractor in the field. To illustrate, take the not-very-hypothetical case of Welfare Mother Jones who has been told she must either go to work or get off the rolls; but she can't go to work because she has two small children. No problem. Send the kids to a day care center at $4000 or $5000 apiece to free Welfare Mother Jones, whose total welfare benefits probably didn't exceed the cost of keeping one child in a day care center. Then, after costly training, the consultants, the experts, the evaluators and the counselors agree the lady is at last, and at great expense, ready for gainful employment. So where is she placed? She is placed as a non-professional aide in a day care center, of course. Figuring in the hidden costs, it would be conservative to estimate that Welfare Mother Jones, who will go into the statistics as one of those rare successful job placements, is actually costing about $20,000 a year to perform the same job, taking care of herself and her children, that she had previously been paid $5000 for, and she doesn't even get the extra money. She gets that special, good, middleclass feeling of being a productive, contributing, working member of her society and ours. She gets muscle tone in her moral fibers because she no longer enjoys an unearned income, something which is frowned on unless the recipient is over 65 years of age or a Rockefeller.

This approach to saving the inner city also creates a lot of middle-class employment, much of it black. Its effect is to split the black population and make racial solidarity unlikely. The black cop, the black social worker and the black shrink patrol the marches of the inner city and make reasonably sure that its inhabitants stay within its confines.

Given our present economics, the inner city and the extant welfare system is far, far cheaper than anything else we might propose. Job creation is very expensive. Think of the capital investment in buildings, parking lots and highways needed to put one bureaucrat behind one desk every morning so that he or she can drink his or her coffee and read the paper downtown instead of at home.

Nicholas von Hoffman

Nicholas von Hoffman holds strong opinions on a variety of subjects.

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A Navy man takes on "the Company."

Admirable Stansfield Turner

Gorge a Pentagon computer with Naval personnel files. Ask it to disgorge a highly intelligent, modern and politic flag officer, with a proper taste of staff experience as well as combat sea commands. You probably will get Stansfield Turner.

Now feed the whirring tapes and pockmarked cards that house the 30-year history of the Central Intelligence Agency (slightly expurgated, of course, even in the top-secret internal government version) from the old-boy OSS alumni who toppled Mossadegh to the payoffs for King Hussein and assorted other sharecroppers of our foreign policy. Add the Turner file. Ask for "command and control." But at this point, intrepid programmer, you should stand back. The computer, still not knowing all the necessary data, may be confused at the question. And confused machines can be dangerous.

At 53, Turner has those avuncular good looks of Navy recruitment brochures—the full, mature face on the bridge that is the destiny of conscientious midshipmen and a reassurance to taxpayers. He is an advertisement for his profession, or at least for how the Navy prefers to see itself. After a comfortable start at Amherst he joined Jimmy Carter's wartime class at Annapolis and finished first in it. His academic distinction brought a Rhodes Scholarship at Oxford and the special caste advantages the American military has long conferred on the valedictory men from the academies. Though he served his early duty primarily on destroyers, ever the stepchildren of the fleet, Turner rose steadily in the post-war years. As important as his advance in rank was his technical experience—the most valuable credential of a future admiral—interspersed with posts commanding a guided-missile frigate off Vietnam and a sixth fleet carrier group; as director of the systems analysis division under the Chief of Naval Operations; and as president of the Naval War College at Newport. When Turner took the NATO Mediterranean command in 1975, his 29-year climb to Admiral had about it a gleam of inevitability, with a seat among the Joint Chiefs, perhaps even the chairmanship, the natural climax. But now with the summons to be Carter's Director of Central Intelligence, Stansfield Turner's progress has taken a very different turn. The troubling question—wholly unanswered in his flabby, shambling confirmation hearings—is whether even this impressive making of an admiral will enable him to run "the Company" rather than vice-versa.

The answer lies in part in the man behind the brilliant record, in part in the institution that shaped him: the United States Navy and its post-World War II *angst*. Men who have served with Turner speak of him with the predictable mixture of respect and resentment, but the characterizations are almost unfailingly general and amorphous. His has been the usual phantom trail of the gifted and successful bureaucrat. He was there at the side of the Secretary of the Navy in 1969 and 1970 when the Pentagon pressed Nixon to resume the air war as a quick fix in Vietnam. The Navy in particular argued for the blockades of Sihanoukville and Haiphong, a prologue to brutal and wasteful episodes to follow in Cambodia and to the bombing of North Vietnam. Turner was there too as head of systems analysis in 1971 and 1972 when the Navy was fighting some of its least glorious engagements over a bloated budget for nuclear carriers and taking part in a monumental bureaucratic squabble in which the SALT negotiations were held hostage to new submarine development.

Yet there is little of Stansfield Turner in this history except his physical presence, and of course his unbroken promotion. Through a series of sensitive and relatively conspicuous jobs, he has taken no notable position on the great issues that occupied his Navy: the future of the surface fleet; the utility of the carrier; the reliance on the strategic nuclear submarine; the intelligence disputes over Soviet shipbuilding; the eager, bloody race with the Air Force to display tactical air virtuosity in the Vietnam war. Still, it is possible to find some kind thoughts for a man like Turner writing the safe memoranda, mouthing the orthodox speeches, and sailing with the tides. In its provincialism and comparative poverty of talent at flag grade, the Navy has been, and remains, the most benighted of the armed services—the last to recognize the 20th century in matters ranging from racial integration in the ranks to grand strategy at sea. That Turner chose by intellect, taste, or—more likely—self-interest to stand apart from the Navy's retrograde policies may well be a virtue. The cost of the disdain, if that is what it was, was as always that the abuses of the system survived all the longer.

There also is authentic pathos in what has happened to the Navy in the last three decades, affecting the careers of the Stansfield Turners. The Annapolis class of 1946 hurried into a universe in which the nuclear stand-off, third-world nationalism and American domestic politics would conspire to reward the victorious Navy with an inescapable obsolescence. Bred to the wardrooms of an imperial fleet, officers of the Turner generation found the frontiers of empire murky and shrunken. Their wars were the vainglories of Korea and Vietnam, until the tradition they had taken for granted was reduced to an aging collection of men and vessels in search of a mission. Turner and his peers might still strut on the decks of the slightly

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Stansfield Turner *by Vint Lawrence*

antique task forces anchored in Naples or Norfolk, but the reminder always was there in the halls of the Pentagon, where the florid paintings of great naval actions stopped with Okinawa.

It has been a chastening, sometimes shattering transformation for such officers. In many, like Turner, it seems to have left a lasting sense of the restraints of modern foreign policy. In that sense, in fact, Turner may be more educated by reality than the civilians whose shuttle between government and corporate power is so insulated. At any rate the result in Turner is a refreshing air of proportion and an absence of pretense. At the Naval War College he is remembered for dispensing with uniforms and installing the most rigorous academic standards in recent history: both symbolic of a conviction that the Navy, his command in any case, could no longer afford its stylish mediocrity. By several accounts he has grown into the sort of commander the Navy needs—a fine mind schooled in the anachronism of pushing the rest of the world around. This gift will serve him somewhat at the CIA; but only somewhat.

Like the Navy, the CIA is a bureaucracy in search of a mission. Turner will be set atop an organization which always has had a profound sense of its institutional superiority and the necessity of its self-defined role. Not only do the "spooks" from Langley generally outstrip their State Department and Pentagon counterparts in sheer intellect—they also know what a nasty world it is out there.

Their great battles have been both recent and victorious—most notably the outlasting and outfoxing of the US Congress in 1975 and 1976. "The Company" has weathered the most serious challenge to its position, engineering a denouement that provided a renewed example of legislative impotence and public fickleness. In the Admiral's idiom, it is almost as if the Navy had beaten North Korea and North Vietnam single-handedly, and in the process scared the Russians back into Black Sea coves.

So Turner will preside not over some newly modest, moribund secret service, but rather over a bureaucracy at its worst and most irresponsible: enjoying the flush of vindication. He will encounter from the outset the vast inertia of ongoing investments and clients, governments owned and leased as a matter of routine, "assets" as strongly entrenched and time-honored in the agency's chain of command as any naval tradition. Except that it will not be his tradition, and perhaps not his chain of command either. The issues that dominate the station cable traffic in the 1970s are precisely those Stansfield Turner knows least about as an accomplished naval officer. They are questions of resource politics, financial manipulations, infiltration of sophisticated legal and corporate networks, elaborate laundering of money and arms for clients in the Middle East or Africa where past operations have been too easily exposed. Think for a moment of the likely pressure points over the next several years, places and people to which Turner will have to bring some independent judgment if he is to avoid becoming captive in the director's sunny office up the Potomac. There is southern Africa with its singular racial history and politics; there is increasing support inside the Carter administration for arming the black guerrillas, while the CIA clings to its liaison with the white states. Or take the Middle East, where the destruction of the PLO in Lebanon has altered the balance of power drastically, while the bureaucratic balance inside the CIA has tipped for the first time in 30 years toward the large pro-Arab faction. Or take Latin America, the agency's largest single collection of foreign bodies, where yet-unreported local violence could bring to power a host of Allendes in the next few years, throwing out of work both the last CIA representatives and their proteges. Or take Japan and Korea. Sordid CIA liaisons with both governments may determine the pace of troop withdrawals from Korea,

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economic relations with Japan, and ultimately the solution of the Taiwan tangle. The Shah of Iran has his imperial ambitions as great as his oil and the affections of the local CIA station. The curriculum is as tough as any Turner has mastered, from Annapolis to the War College, and he will find that this time no one will be particularly interested in helping him get good grades.

No one, that is, except perhaps the man who hired him. Jimmy Carter is going to be the difference between Turner's performing valuable public service at the CIA, or merely acting as a vapid caretaker. If the Admiral is truly to command the Company, he will need the unstinting support of the White House, public and political support as well as private bureaucratic backing. Only Carter can take on the congressional and journalistic wolves unleashed when reform even gets into the parking lot at Langley. Only Carter can stiffen, cajole, confront, and, if necessary, unseat the mostly meek, ignorant men on the congressional oversight committees. And the President could have an ally in Walter Mondale, whose service on the Church Committee gave him a searing taste of both the agency's skills and the general cowardice and bewilderment of the Congress.

Without extraordinary help from Carter, Turner's chances are long at best. Bright, sophisticated, polished, apparently at ease with himself and his country's limited place on the planet, he is no Curtis LeMay railing against the sun. But he is not Billy Mitchell either. He too comes from a world long-shaped by its own rationale, by a self-defined ethic and vision. For his many strengths, he remains very much a man of the system, and it is a dogged, dangerous system he must change.

Suetonius

A Word About "Suetonius"

Several readers have written objecting to the use of a pseudonym by the author of our recent series of profiles of members of the new administration. Our intention is to imitate (frankly) the tradition of tough, unsigned profiles in British journals such as *The New Statesman*. "Suetonius," in other words, is a new department, like TRB and the lead editorial. It is not intended as a vehicle for "anonymous hatchet jobs."

The author of the articles we have published so far, including the profile of Stansfield Turner in this issue, is Roger Morris, a *TNR* contributing editor who has worked at the National Security Council and the State Department and is the author of *Uncertain Greatness: Henry Kissinger & American Foreign Policy*, to be published by Harper and Row, and other studies of US foreign policy.

Organized labor comes to terms with Jimmy Carter.

The Annual Sunbath

Bal Harbour, Florida

During the 1976 election campaign, the President Ford Committee showed a television commercial in Texas only, in which John Connally glared angrily into the camera, and said, biting off every word, "The other day Jimmy Carter came out in favor of a proposal that will allow union organizers to come on a man's property without being asked." The commercial was a gross distortion of Carter's position, of course, and one man who understood that well was Dick Murphy, the political director of the Service Employees International Union. An early supporter of Fred Harris in last year's primaries, Murphy considered Jimmy Carter no friend of the labor movement and felt that any union support Carter got was too much. To make his point, Murphy paid a visit to the famous peanut warehouse in Plains, Georgia to check out working conditions and perhaps even organize a new local for his own union. What he found, he says, were "wretched wages and plantation-style paternalism." Employees with several years of service were receiving the federal minimum wage and many supplemented their earnings with food stamps. For his trouble, Murphy was shown the gate.

Nevertheless, Murphy got the information he wanted, and he brought it to Bal Harbour for the 1976 mid-winter meeting of the AFL-CIO Executive Council and Committee on Political Education (COPE) Operating Committee. This was an important election-year gathering of George Meany's political minions. When that meeting was held—only 12 months ago—the New Hampshire, Florida and Massachusetts primaries were still in the future, most of the labor movement had little time for Jimmy Carter and Meany's man was still Scoop Jackson.

Murphy arrived at that meeting with an armload of materials which he circulated to all and sundry, including copies of a letter Carter wrote as governor of Georgia endorsing his state's right-to-work law. "There was no corner of America that Dick Murphy didn't reach," says one state labor council president, looking back on last year. Several unions (notably AFSCME, the Communications Workers and the UAW) helped Carter against Wallace in the Florida primary, but the Georgian got short shrift at Bal Harbour. The big story was that Meany, who had been feuding with Jackson for nearly two years over the issue of Soviet trade, had repaired his relations with his old friend. Jackson was guest of honor at a reception sponsored by several of the federation's vice presidents, and to hell with Jimmy Carter.

This recent history partly explains why many of the

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most powerful leaders in the American trade union movement, reassembled here for their annual sunbathing, still are scratching their heads about *President* Jimmy Carter. Dick Murphy says he is just "laying low" this year. President Carter is a *fait accompli* and they're learning to live with it. "He's not the kind of Democratic President we're used to," says one political director. "Nor is he appointing the kinds of people we're used to seeing in the cabinet or the White House. But our *members* like him, and we can't overlook that."

In another one of last fall's GOP made-for-Texas-only television spots, John Connally pipsquawked about the "price" Jimmy Carter paid to win the support of George Meany, Leonard Woodcock and the big Northern labor unions. Meany looks these days like a man who'd like to renegotiate the terms of that bargain. By its own estimates, COPE delivered over 100,000 volunteers to Jimmy Carter in the general election, along with how-much-money even the AFL-CIO won't know until the Federal Election Commission tells them. Nevertheless, the sparring between Meany and Carter began in earnest almost as soon as the votes were counted. Meany insisted on John Dunlop at Labor and James Schlesinger at Defense and there were no second choices. Now, the feeling here is that Ray Marshall will be just as good as Dunlop and will not suffer from the public perception that he's owned by labor. About Dr. Harold Brown, there is no such generous revisionism. And there is no generosity at all about Paul Warnke.

George Meany reveals himself deft with understatement when he tells reporters here that the Carter administration does not seem to feel indebted to labor. The feud over the President's economic recovery program is officially on. Nearly all of the major resolutions adopted and announced here each day concern either the economy or a broad legislative program to expand the operating rights of organized labor. Reeling from heavy layoffs during the recession, the AFL-CIO's goal on the economic front is to shift the President's program away from tax cuts and toward job creation, including a $30-billion, one-year program of public-works and public-service jobs. It also wants an increase in the federal minimum wage from $2.30 to three dollars an hour. For itself, organized labor wants major changes in the nation's basic labor-relations law to assure collective-bargaining rights for federal, state and local employees; to expand picketing rights; and otherwise to prevent employers from blocking organizing efforts. Also, for the first time in a decade, there is a serious effort on the agenda to repeal the infamous section 14-b of the Taft-Hartley Act, which allows states to adopt right-to-work laws.

For most of this laundry list the AFL-CIO has its eye on Congress. With tongue firmly in cheek, Meany reported that the administration would not be asked to endorse the AFL-CIO's legislative package, or even to help get it passed. In fact the whole focus will be on the House and Senate where labor's lobbyists have solid, long-standing working relationships. "We have plenty of friends in Congress," says one high labor official, "and we're pretty sure that Jimmy Carter does not want to veto the first economic legislation to reach his desk."

Future relations between George Meany and Jimmy Carter will be like Middle Eastern politics—unending diplomacy scarred by periodic outbreaks of hostility, with unspecified limits on the degree of escalation. Meany does not like Carter's economic-recovery program. There are parts of it (prenotification of union demands for wage increases, for example) which he says he never will go along with. But the battle lines are drawn with compromise in mind, because 1977 is a big year for collective bargaining. One way or another the wages or working conditions of most Americans will be up for negotiation this year. Under those circumstances, it wouldn't do to be completely at loggerheads with the White House.

One item not on the agenda but on everyone's mind at the poolsides and in the barrooms in Bal Harbour this year is Meany's impending retirement. There's no longer any doubt that when Meany goes, he will be succeeded by the federation's current number-two man, secretary-treasurer Lane Kirkland. The consensus is that Kirkland will not be challenged for the job, but that the Executive Council inevitably will change when he comes to it. "When a strong leader with a lot of credit outstanding leaves," a union publicist said, "others who were previously not inclinded to do battle with the old bull of the field become more prone to feel their oats."

One thing is certain: when Meany departs, the voice of organized labor will be considerably more fragmented. Right now the media, the White House, the Congress and the Democratic party have awarded the AFL-CIO the right to speak for the labor movement. At Bal Harbour, George Meany comes downstairs for 15 minutes each day and the television cameras begin rolling. During this mid-winter gathering, Meany and Carter have communicated with one another by press conference, each fully confident the other has his television set turned on.

Each day's session with reporters here ends on roughly the same note. Day one: Meany—"I see nothing unusual about the Steelworkers pressing for a lifetime job guarantee. After all, I have set somewhat of a precedent along those lines myself."

Day two: Question—"What about retirement, Mr. Meany?" Answer—"Well, nothing on that today. Ask me tomorrow."

Day three: Question—"What are your plans for the future, Mr. Meany?" Answer—"Well, for this afternoon, I thought perhaps a little shopping. . . ."

With that his meeting with the press is over, and George Meany rises, a little stiff of leg, to follow his aides out of the room. Passing by, his head is held at a tilt that makes it seem that he's gazing slightly to the

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left of everything he sees. Meany's exit looks the way James Thurber once described the gait of his aged dog: a little like Hamlet following his father's ghost.

Ken Bode

J. P. Stevens doesn't come to terms with organized labor.

Trouble Looming

No industry has fought unionism as successfully as textiles, primarily by settling in the low-wage, non-union South. Less than 10 percent of the region's 589,000 workers are unionized. Without unionization, textile workers are unable to secure better working wages; they are the lowest-paid industrial workers in the nation, with an average hourly wage of $3.46 in November 1975. And without unions they cannot obtain relief from deafening noise levels, unsafe machinery and disabling cotton dust; according to Department of Labor figures, as many as 100,000 workers suffer from the chronic lung disease byssinosis.

A dramatic struggle is taking place in Roanoke Rapids, a town of 15,000 in North Carolina, 10 miles from the Virginia border. In August 1974 a majority of the 3500 workers in the seven J.P. Stevens textile plants voted in an official National Labor Relations Board election to be represented by the Textile Workers Unions of America (TWUA). The company defeated the union in the late 1950s and mid-'60s. Unable to nip unionism in the bud this time, Stevens has moved the battle to the bargaining table. After 26 months the union still does not have a contract. This struggle is a test case.

J.P. Stevens is a giant textile chain, the second largest in the nation. In the last 30 years it has liquidated its unionized plants in the North and acquired dozens of firms in the South. Stevens now has only five small plants outside the South; 63 of 85 plants are in North and South Carolina. It is a multinational corporation operating in seven foreign countries and the US with sales in 1975 of more than one billion dollars. Stevens employs 44,400 people. *None of them is covered by a union contract.*

Part of the company's anti-union strategy is to fire union supporters during an organizing campaign. The company also has been found guilty of electronic spying on organizers, downgrading union members' jobs, and firing workers who testified before the National Labor Relations Board. This strategy has been very effective. Workers are afraid of losing their jobs if they show any interest in having a union. Section 8 (a)(3) of the National Labor Relations Act states, "It shall be an unfair labor practice for an employer, by discrimination in regard to hire or terms of employment. . . to encourage or discourage membership in any labor organization." But the NLRB machinery is geared to grind slowly. Finding that a worker has been fired for supporting a union, the NLRB can order that the worker be reinstated with full back pay. To date, a total of 289 illegally fired workers have received $1.3 million in back pay awards. But these are cases that accumulated throughout the 1960s. The company can appeal the ruling in the courts and delay the process long enough to discourage most pro-union workers. Four years and 21 days after losing her job, Maurine Hedgepeth of Roanoke Rapids returned to work. For families with children to feed, four years can be too long. For the company, section 8 (a)(3) is no problem. It can fire workers illegally, pay small amounts in penalties (if the worker is still around) and then deduct the amount from corporate income taxes as a legitimate business expense. Penalties in the form of back pay and compensation are less expensive to the company than signing a union contract. Breaking the law is a profitable way to stop unionization.

The union overcame these tactics in Roanoke Rapids, and there was a great sense of excitement and confidence after the 1974 election victory. But it soon became clear that J.P. Stevens had no intention of giving the workers a contract. The company turned over its bargaining to Whiteford Blakeney, a very successful anti-union lawyer. Under the so-called "Blakeney Formula," the company refuses to discuss two key points essential to building a viable union: the dues check-off and arbitration of grievances. The dues check-off is critical to financing a union; without binding arbitration, the union would be forced to go out on strike to settle even minor grievances.

J.P. Stevens's strategy puts the union—now merged into the Amalgated Clothing and Textile Workers Union—in a difficult position. The union cannot adequately represent the workers by signing a weak contract. The union cannot bargain indefinitely—as negotiations drag on and on, workers will become discouraged. The union cannot call a strike, since J.P. Stevens is a diversified company that can easily shift its production to other plants and outlast it. Moreover, the company could shut down its mills and move elsewhere. In 1971, Stevens did shut down its only other plant (in Statesboro, Georgia) where the union had bargaining rights.

So ACTWU has attempted to organize a national consumer boycott of J. P. Stevens products. The boycott can hurt Stevens, regardless of where the company moves its operations—a decided advantage over the strike. But the boycott is a very difficult tactic. J. P. Stevens manufactures a wide range of products, only 34 percent of which are sold at the retail level. Moreover, the products are sold under different names: Utica, Fine Arts, Beauti-Blend, Mohawk and Beauticale sheets; Utica, Fine Arts and Utica/Mohawk blankets; Tastemaker towels, sheets and blankets; Simtex

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tablecloths; Gulistan, Tastemaker, Contender and Merryweather carpets; Finesse, Spirit, Fruit of the Loom, Hip-lets and Big Mama women's hosiery. The union cannot focus on a single brand name as in the successful Farah boycott of 1972-74. The organizing logistics and cost of a national boycott will be immense. (The Farah boycott cost five million dollars.) The union cannot bluff on the boycott—there will be a clear measure of success or failure in Stevens's sales volume and the value of its stock.

The company undoubtedly will try to use the boycott to its advantage. It will lock out workers in the form of layoffs, which it will blame on a loss of business caused by the boycott. These layoffs will be tactically based to discourage organizing at local Stevens plants. In Roanoke Rapids, some workers have joined a new group opposed to the union called the "J. P. Stevens Employees Education Committee." They argue the union has not represented the "employees" fairly through the use of the boycott, and they are fearful the boycott will cost them their jobs.

The key to the struggle in Roanoke Rapids is whether the workers hold firm in their commitment to the union. I visited Roanoke Rapids the week of December 13, 1976 to attend the latest of the National Labor Relations Board hearings concerning Stevens's labor practices. In July 1976 the regional NLRB office found Stevens had not been bargaining in good faith and ordered the company to stand trial for this violation. The small county courthouse in Halifax, North Carolina was crowded with lawyers, workers, company officials, union officials and reporters. These hearings, which are likely to go on for some time, are very important to both the company and the union. But the law of the land is not the primary hope for textile workers in Roanoke Rapids. Their hope rests in their own skills, experience and leadership. The union cannot win the fight in Roanoke Rapids alone—it must bring outside pressure to bear on the company and it must expand to other plants (AFL-CIO support is critical to both these goals). But it can lose the fight right here in this small town. If the company can decertify the union in new elections, this would destroy the boycott. The workers in Roanoke Rapids are the foundation of this struggle. Working poor people, working women, "poor white trash," blacks (the mills are around 40 percent black—both the company and union, with different interpretations, credit the black vote for carrying the day for the union in the elections), and Southerners—they are bound together in their determination to join a union and bargain collectively.

Paul D. Wellstone

Paul D. Wellstone teaches political science at Carleton College.

A dubious victory in a dubious battle.

Rabin's Distress

by Morton Kondracke

Cyprus

The Carter administration evidently hopes—and *The New York Times* has made it almost a command—that Israel will choose a strong, unified, courageous new government ready to take risks for peace, and will demonstrate that the process is under way during Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin's visit to Washington this week. People are entitled to hope and urge that hiccups will turn into Homerics if they want to, but that doesn't mean it will happen. In Israel's case, recent events and all immediate prospects suggest that the country's government will get lamer before it gets stronger, fractures will widen before they heal and Israel's peace terms will remain just as they are. Barely renominated by his own party and facing strong election challenges in May, Rabin is coming to Washington with no mandate to suggest anything new. Any new initiative will be regarded in Israel as a campaign ploy, and if Rabin tries one in Washington, he is likely to look like Caesar's shirt following the Ides of March after he gets home.

Consider Rabin's position in his own Labor party. On February 22 and 23, the party held a nominating congress that seemed like nothing so much as a Socialist rerun of the 1976 Republican national convention—with one significant difference: dull old Jerry Ford was again a hairsbreadth winner, but Ronald Reagan did not go sulking off to California for four years. In the Israeli system, winners don't take all. This year's loser still will

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be around, and prominently, using his 49-plus-percent support as a stage from which to hound, to plot and to organize a rematch in a year or two, or maybe sooner.

Otherwise, the parallels to Kansas City are extraordinary. Yitzhak Rabin, the unelected prime minister, had been in office just two-and-a-half years, put there more for his cleanliness than his qualifications by a predecessor forced to resign after the country's greatest modern trauma. The 1973 Yom Kippur war was even more shattering to Israel than Watergate was for us, and Golda Meir's successor was faced with even more onerous repair tasks than Richard Nixon's.

What Ford did for America ethically Rabin did here militarily—but little else. He too is a disaster in economic and social policy. And so he campaigned on what record he had, in terms stated strikingly like Ford's. He said 1976 was the first year in Israel's history when not a single soldier or civilian was killed along the country's borders. It isn't bad, but many Israelis feel it isn't enough. Even Rabin's friends acknowledge that he is an inept politician, a leaden speaker, an uninspiring leader who should have called for sacrifices but didn't.

Defense minister Shimon Peres played Ronald Reagan—a glib, quick-smiling, smooth-talking, charismatic, telegenic figure, the candidate of the Labor party's hungry outs promising change from the staleness and corruption of the ins. Unlike Reagan, Peres is a career politician—"pure New Jersey," as one observer put it. But like Reagan, he is open to charges of being a harebrained hawk, dangerously risky for concocting schemes even wilder than Reagan's multi-billion-dollar welfare cuts. When Arab terrorists and Idi Amin held 103 Israeli airline hostages at Entebbe last year, Peres's idea was to send eyepatched Moshe Dayan dramatically down to Uganda to negotiate their release, until Rabin reminded him that Dayan likely would become hostage number 104, and a celebrated catch at that.

Reaganites claimed their hero brought good government to California and invented creative means of doing it; Peres's friends credit him with being a good defense manager, promoter of Israel's Dimona nuclear reactor and developer of the country's arms industry. Peres's problem seems to be that he talks faster than he thinks. In the 1950s he advocated creating an Israeli colony in French Guiana, as if Israel faced no development tasks at home. He also is given to kiting pragmatic—often embarrassing—Israeli international relationships into major historical movements. As director general (undersecretary) of the defense ministry in the 1950s, Peres established an arms supply connection with France, but tried to make it into a "Franco-Judean Mediterranean society," at a time when France was torturing rebels in Algeria. Lately, he has been describing Israel's friendship with South Africa as the beginnings of a "Johannesburg-Jerusalem axis." The best that Peres's friends can say about his crack-pot ideas is, "When you are an imaginative thinker, you do have some misfires."

Ford kept looking over his shoulder at Reagan for much of his last year in office; Rabin has been shadowed by Peres for the whole of his term. When Golda Meir stepped down as Prime Minister in 1974, Peres, then transport minister, made a move for her job. But the Labor party's central committee turned instead to Rabin, the "anti-politician" former general, army chief of staff and ambassador to Washington whose primary virtue was that he had not been in office during the 1973 war. Rabin won with only 54-percent support from the central committee, and agreed to take Peres on as defense minister, Israel's number-two governmental job.

Nonstop conflict ensued. Peres, who is smooth verging on oily, sniped at Rabin through well placed leaks to the press, the burden of which usually was that Rabin lacked nerve and toughness in a crunch and couldn't stand up to the United States. Rabin, blunt to a fault, japed at Peres directly in cabinet meetings. When there were riots in the West Bank, Rabin blamed them on Peres, whose ministry embraces occupation responsibilities. When Arab municipal elections produced a batch of Communist mayors, Rabin said that was Peres's fault, too. In Washington last February, Rabin took a stab at Peres with Peres's own dagger, but cut himself. At a background briefing for reporters, he charged Peres with submitting sloppy weapons requests to the Americans. Back home, blame fell not on Peres but on Rabin, for shooting his mouth off to the press abroad.

If Rabin's government has been "weak," as the cliche has it, it is partly because of his personality and partly because of conflicts with Peres. "The two of them sit on a board of directors together," said one Israeli observer, "but sometimes it's hard to tell they work for the same company." Partly, too, the problem is institutional. Rabin probably would have fired Peres a dozen times over, but the Israeli constitution doesn't permit it. Furthermore, Rabin has been governing at the head of a Labor alignment lacking a majority in the Knesset, and therefore forced to patch coalitions together with minor parties always on the verge of quitting over something. The last coalition broke down completely in December when the National Religious party objected to holding a welcoming ceremony for American F-15 jets on the Jewish sabbath. Since then, Rabin has been serving as a caretaker until after the May 17 elections, and what was a weak government has become all but impotent amid virtually endless strikes and the flushing-over of an Israeli Watergate scandal involving high officials in Rabin's wing of the Labor party and in his cabinet.

The race for the Labor party nomination, given what had gone on before, was relatively clean. Peres, for example, had access to medical records detailing Chief of Staff Rabin's breakdown in "acute anxiety" just

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before the 1967 war, but didn't use it. Peres's strongest case was that he represented "change," had the party's young up-and-comers on his side, offered missing "vision" and would lead the Labor party to smaller losses in May against its traditional opposition: the super-hawkish Likud, and two new parties led by soldier-archaeologist-reformer Yigael Yadin and war-hero Ariel Sharon. Peres, in a move reminiscent of Reagan's Richard Schweiker ploy, plucked former foreign minister Abba Eban from out of the party's left wing and promised him the deputy prime ministership, the foreign ministership and a chance to return from the political wilderness in return for Eban's public assurances that Peres's foreign policies were moderate and sound.

Rabin claimed that he, too, was a force for change and the candidate of peace through strength. Under pressure from Yadin, and like Peres, he suddenly discovered the extent of Israel's domestic problems, and promised to do something about them. If either candidate could be accused of punching below the belt, it was Rabin, who reminded the Labor congress at length of his service as a commando and brigade commander in the 1948 war for independence and of his shrewd preparations for the 1967 war—implicitly recalling that Peres, despite his contributions to Israel's defense preparedness, never had worn a uniform: and this in a country where every able-bodied man and woman does service and men remain reservists until age 55.

At the convention itself, issues and promises seemed to have less to do with determining a delegate's vote than blood loyalties and hatreds among labor's factions. Golda Meir was for Rabin, with all of her disciples. So was foreign minister Yigal Allon, who brought along left-wing kibbutzniks and a crucial group of 100 Israeli Arabs and Druzes. Moshe Dayan backed Peres. Eban was for Peres partly out of ambition, and partly because he detests Meir and Rabin for ignoring him in his days as foreign minister.

The final results showed Rabin the survivor by just 41 votes out of nearly 2900 cast. At first, Rabin tried to claim that, as in America, winners take all. Peres countered by claiming he owned half the party and wanted his due. His forces seemed to capture 50 percent or more of the newly elected central committee, and now he wants his people in half the slots for candidates to the Knesset. He wants a job for Eban, and one for himself: a return to defense and possibly the honorific post of deputy prime minister, assuming that Labor wins the election and forms Israel's next government. Rabin is waiting to see whether Peres's team, jerry-built as to ideology and held together largely by ambition, will stay in formation. But it's likely that compromises will give Peres much of what he wants. Under normal circumstances, that would set the stage for four years of solid slinging between Peres and Rabin—four more years of weak government.

Circumstances are not normal in Israel, and the ones prevailing are likely to make the next prime minister's hand weaker yet. Labor has been ruling Israel in coalition with other parties since the nation was founded, but this year there is a possibility—albeit remote—that the Likud could pull ahead. Either party will have to form a coalition with Yadin's Democratic Movement for Change, whose platform calls for election reform and a new vote within 18 months or two years. The lead party may do so badly that other coalition partners will be needed, increasing instability even more. And there remains a final possibility that no party can put a majority together in parliament after May 17, meaning that new elections would be called, for which Peres certainly would mount a new challenge to Rabin. One analyst has suggested that Israel soon may resemble a Middle East version of the French Fourth Republic.

Does any of this matter to America? Well, apparently it did to the Ford administration, whose ambassador, Malcolm Toon, was virtually a walking loudspeaker truck for Rabin. Toon's old diplomatic colleagues, horrified at his electioneering, cannot imagine that he wasn't acting on instructions from Washington. What might have motivated Henry Kissinger is not completely clear, but speculation on the point can be instructive. If Peres was Israel's "French connection" to weapons supplies in the 1950s, Rabin has acted as an American connection in the 1960s and 1970s. Aides say he chose to go to Washington after the 1967 war after perceiving that modern warfare requires the kind of high technology material available—since France turned to the Arabs—only in the United States. As ambassador to Washington, Rabin developed friendly relations in the Pentagon and the Nixon White House, sympathizing with their Vietnam policies, and is said to have spent the whole of one night in the White House situation room in 1970 helping US officials plan an Israeli invasion of Jordan—backstopped by the United States—in case it was necessary to save King Hussein from advancing Syrian tanks during Jordan's "Black September" civil war against Palestinian guerillas. Ambassador Rabin let it be known in 1972 that he supported Nixon against McGovern. After he became prime minister, he suffered cajolery and insults from a Henry Kissinger determined to obtain Israeli withdrawals from occupied Arab territory, but he also obtained record amounts of military aid from the United States, including an agreement late in the 1976 election campaign (later retracted by President Carter) that Israel would receive controversial CBU-72 firebombs. Some Israelis say Rabin again let it out, in 1976, that he preferred the incumbent Republican president to Democrat Jimmy Carter. This may account for Toon's intervention in Israel's election. Or it may be that Kissinger thought the United States could encounter less resistance from Rabin than from Peres

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to new diplomatic pressures.

The posture of the Carter administration is harder to read, if it has any posture at all. Cancellation of Ford's CBU decision, disapproval of Israel's sale of Kfir jets to Ecuador and a scolding about oil drilling in the Gulf of Suez on the eve of the Labor party convention could be taken as efforts to undercut Rabin's campaign claims about close ties with America—the more so because the CBU decision was announced in Washington just as Secretary of State Cyrus Vance was leaving Jerusalem for Cairo, where Egyptian President Anwar Sadat hailed it as a sign of new goodness and genius prevailing in the White House.

If Carter intended any digs at Rabin, no one here got the point. The timing of the CBU decision was explained away as a case of "public relations purity" on the part of White House press secretary Jody Powell, who was said to have promised an announcement on a certain day and insisted, despite State Department objections, on putting it out on time. Israelis accepted the explanation that the Kfir decision and the Suez statement were reflections of America's new morality and unrelated either to US-Israeli relations or to internal Israeli politics. All Israeli analyses suggested that Vance behaved with strict neutrality toward Peres and Rabin during his visit to Israel, while unavoidably according Rabin more television exposure. Rabin was invited to come to Washington; but so, after all, were other Middle East heads of government. If Vance's behavior was any cooler toward Rabin than Kissinger's surely would have been, the Israelis seem not to have noticed.

It will be interesting to see if the Carter administration is as indefinable in its treatment of Rabin this week, now that he is the Labor party nominee facing Menachem Begin's Likud, a party pledged to retain Judea and Samaria—that is, the West Bank—as part of Israel. The Labor party convention had a fight over the West Bank question, narrowly defeating a motion by Moshe Dayan to leave it vague whether Israel would give up the territory. Interestingly, Rabin voted against Dayan, while Peres secreted himself away from the convention floor during the vote. While it declared itself ready to talk about West Bank withdrawal, the Labor convention rejected overwhelmingly a proposal to negotiate with a Palestinian group that recognizes Israel, as the United States somehow hopes the Palestine Liberation Organization will do.

From the Carter standpoint, Rabin surely is preferable to Begin as Israel's leader. But signals emanating from Washington suggest Carter wants "new ideas" from Rabin when he visits the United States, which will only get him into trouble. *The New York Times* warned that "the strength of the US commitment to Israel . . . depends on the Israelis finally choosing a government that will be free to define a clean and understandable negotiating position," and threatened that Rabin and his rivals "will not be well regarded if they fail to use the elections to obtain a mandate for the most imaginative and forthcoming possible performance" when negotiating time arrives.

Well may they hope and wish, warn and threaten, but to entertain such prospects is to misunderstand Israel's political situation and Rabin's particular place in it, which is that of a caretaker with a chronically crippled hand. The Carter administration had best not expect Rabin to take any huge risks—which is not his style, anyway—and allow him to smile his wan smile, reassert his country's basic positions, and go home to win himself the best little mandate he can.

Is anti-CIA hysteria turning into McCarthyism of the left?

Brouhaha in Brooklyn

by Diane Ravitch

Michael Selzer's colleagues in the political science department at Brooklyn College, where he is an assistant professor, voted overwhelmingly in January to ask the college president to dismiss him because of his involvement with the Central Intelligence Agency. For all they knew, Selzer's services to the CIA involved nothing more than a 15-minute phone conversation following a trip to Europe last summer. John W. Kneller, president of Brooklyn College, has asked the college provost to set up a panel to determine whether

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disciplinary action is appropriate. Selzer claims that his dealings with the CIA were entirely innocuous and that he is a victim of "McCarthyism of the left." His departmental colleagues assert that he engaged in covert intelligence gathering for the CIA and that the presence of a "CIA agent" on the faculty threatens their freedom. The CIA has maintained ties, open and covert, with members of American academia for years. In the wake of the bad publicity the agency has received in recent years, the propriety of these ties is being reexamined. Groups such as the American Association of University Professors, the American Political Science Association and the American Civil Liberties Union recently have adopted policy statements against the use of academic credentials as a cover to gather information for the CIA. Whether this is what Michael Selzer did depends on your interpretation of the facts of his case, most of which are undisputed. There is little doubt, however, that until very recently his behavior would have been considered innocuous.

The man at the center of the dispute has an unusual personal history. Michael Selzer's parents, both Jewish physicians, fled Nazi Germany in 1937 and settled in Lahore, India (now Pakistan). In 1940, shortly after his birth, his parents were accused by a local physician of being German spies, and his family spent the war in a British prison camp. After the war his parents sought to emigrate to the United States, but were denied a visa because of their prison record. When he was 12, he was sent to Bedales School in England and subsequently received bachelor's and master's degrees at Balliol College, Oxford.

After he finished Oxford Selzer moved to Israel, where his parents now live. Doubtless because of his own background, he found himself attuned to the grievances of the "Oriental" Jews, those who had emigrated from North Africa and other non-European countries. He became an outspoken critic of Israel and Zionism and in 1966 arrived in the United States to work on behalf of the Council of the Sephardic Community in Jerusalem, an organization devoted to the interests of Oriental Jews. His job, as he describes it, was to "raise the consciousness of American Jews to the problems of discrimination against Oriental Jews in Israel." He soon joined the staff of the American Council for Judaism, an anti-Zionist political pressure group.

In 1967, Selzer's first book appeared, entitled *The Aryanization of the Jewish State*. The substance of the book was less strident than the title, but its appearance in the year of the Six-Day War created a small sensation. He later published several other books on Zionism and anti-Semitism, which were focused on the problem of Jewish identity and Jewish history. (Despite his own active anti-Zionism, his parents moved to Israel from Lahore in 1972 in the aftermath of an outbreak of anti-Semitism in Pakistan.)

When Selzer decided to get a doctorate in political science at the City University of New York, his interests shifted to a different aspect of Jewish history. He became a specialist in political psychology and was co-author (with Florence R. Miale) of *The Nuremberg Mind*, published in 1975, an analysis of the Rorschach tests of 16 major Nazi war criminals.

Selzer is a man who seems always to have been at odds with his environment, first as a German Jew in a British prison camp in India, then as a German Jew from India in a British boarding school, then as a European Jew allied with non-European Jews in Israel, then as a spokesman for anti-Zionism in New York City during and after the 1967 war. Today he is a man without country, a British subject but not a British citizen (he says that he intends to apply for American citizenship). It seems altogether fitting that Michael Selzer would gravitate toward the one activity that would make him an outcast at Brooklyn College in the 1970s: involvement with the CIA. It seems clear that among the *gauchists* of the political science department it genuinely was the CIA connection, and not his anti-Zionism, to which Selzer's stigma attached. Selzer says his colleagues are far more concerned about their left-wing credentials than about their Judaism.

In 1975 Selzer became interested in comparing the personality characteristics of Nazis to those of modern terrorists, and began an international search for material. In preparation for a trip to Europe in the summer of 1976, he asked several of his colleagues for contacts abroad who might be able to help him locate psychological test data on Nazi subjects, as well as data on wartime collaborators. As he recalls it, he also telephoned the CIA field office in New York in early 1976 to ask whether the agency had any such test data, and was told to write a letter. He followed up with two letters and another telephone conversation before finally learning that no such data were available from the CIA. In the last conversation, however, the person to whom he spoke asked to meet him, and late in the spring he sat down with a "CIA representative," who asked him if he would agree to a "debriefing" on his return from Europe. The CIA, Selzer says, was interested in his general observations about "economic, scientific and military developments," but did not ask him to obtain specific information of any kind nor to look for answers to specific questions nor to engage in any covert intelligence-gathering. The nature of the request, he maintains, "was simply that I should impart to the CIA any impressions from my trip that I considered might be of interest to the CIA, and which I might care to share with them."

Selzer agreed to think it over. He consulted two people in his department: his brother-in-law, Michael Kahan, and the department chairman, Albert Gorvine. According to Selzer, Kahan was aghast at the thought

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of his cooperating with the CIA, but Gorvine raised no objection to Selzer's being "debriefed."

During the summer, Selzer spent five weeks traveling in Belgium, Sweden, Denmark, Germany and Holland, during which he interviewed a number of contacts solicited from his colleagues. When he returned early in August, he called the CIA representative and spoke to him for "10 or 15 minutes" on the telephone. The substance of the conversation consisted of a traveler's impressions, "the kind that could be gained by any reasonably diligent newspaper reader." He spoke, he says, of the persistence of anti-German feeling in Belgium, Holland and Denmark, and of German concern about whether Carter would stand up to the Russians. Selzer insists that nothing he reported related to his academic research nor to the interviews he conducted as a scholar. This telephone "debriefing," he claims, was the only service he ever performed for the CIA.

Late in November 1976, Michael Kahan informed the executive committee of the political science department (of which he is a member) of his brother-in-law's involvement with the CIA. Selzer was questioned about his behavior, first at a meeting of the appointments committee (where he is under consideration for tenure) and then at a full departmental meeting in mid-December. According to Selzer, the limited nature of his relationship with the CIA had been misrepresented by his brother-in-law, and he was confronted by an emotionally-charged, witch-hunt atmosphere, in which it was impossible to prove that he was *not* a spy.

Kahan, Selzer's chief accuser, contradicts Selzer's account in one major respect. He insists that Selzer had a deal with the CIA: to gather intelligence on his trip abroad in exchange for psychological test data of the sort that Selzer wanted. Kahan says that Selzer informed him of this in early 1976 and asked him to keep it secret. He tried to dissuade Selzer but failed. After sitting on his knowledge of Selzer's CIA involvement for several months, his reluctance to implicate his brother-in-law was overcome by his concern for his colleagues and the "possible jeopardy" that they might be in because of Selzer's activity.

Kahan and other members of the department say that Selzer admitted to having cooperated with the CIA in exchange for psychological test data. Several of Selzer's colleagues were especially angered because they had provided Selzer with names of professional associates in Europe; at least one professor wrote his friends to advise them that the man who had interviewed them had been a CIA agent. The consensus of the department was that Selzer had used his academic research as a cover for CIA intelligence work. They felt ill-used by Selzer; and, even more emphatically, they felt threatened by the presence of a "CIA agent" in their midst. Knowing Selzer's connections, they felt that they could not communicate openly with each other, and they worried that their students might not be able to speak freely if a member of the department had ties to the CIA.

After two stormy departmental meetings, an ad hoc committee was appointed to investigate and make recommendations. The committee drafted a statement that was approved by the department as a whole. It concluded that Selzer's actions "are inconsistent with

Down Memory Lane With the ACLU

The Michael Selzer case sounds like it ought to be the American Civil Liberties Union's meat and potatoes. But Selzer has not asked the ACLU for help because he feels it is aligned with the forces against him. The chairman of the departmental committee that recommended Selzer's dismissal was Phillippa Strum, who teaches constitutional law and sits on the ACLU's national academic-freedom advisory committee. Strum's husband Herbert Weiss, also a professor in Brooklyn College's political science department, was one of Selzer's chief accusers in the department (along with Selzer's own brother-in-law). In October 1976—after Selzer's phone conversation with the CIA but before the disciplinary action against him—the ACLU sent a letter to 300 colleges and universities warning evocatively in reference to the CIA,

> *It is extremely important that administrations, faculties and students be made aware of a serious, pervasive and continuing threat to the independence and freedom of the university,* and take appropriate action to obviate the threat. (Emphasis added.)

The letter does not warn of the danger that individual rights may be trampled in the rush toward the new anti-CIA consensus.

Alan Reitman, ACLU associate director, said the October letter was a hasty response to the report of the Senate Select Committee on Intelligence Activity (the Church committee), which discussed covert ties between the CIA and the American academic community. The ACLU academic-freedom committee is preparing a further report, not expected before June. Reitman said it will define more carefully the different possible "levels of relationship" between the CIA and academics. Will it also warn against a relapse into civil-libertarian myopia, after a quarter-century of remission?

The Editors

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membership in the faculty and would warrant removal from the college." It urged President Kneller to initiate disciplinary proceedings against Selzer and "to make a clear enunciation of College policy against the agreement to enter into such relationships with governmental intelligence-gathering agencies." The ad hoc committee also wrote a policy statement declaring that "it is . . . the policy of the Department that no faculty member shall agree to perform secret or undercover work" for "a government intelligence-gathering agency." This policy statement also was approved by the department.

The department's recommendation to oust Selzer is based on Article 21 of the Professional Staff Congress contract, which proscribes "conduct unbecoming a member of the staff." The "indictment" charges further that Selzer's involvement with the CIA "violated" the policy statements of the American Association of University Professors, the American Political Science Association and the American Anthropological Association, all of which oppose participation by scholars in covert intelligence activities. Now it is up to President Kneller to decide whether to bring charges against Selzer, who would then be entitled to an impartial hearing with the right to have counsel, to confront his accusers and to cross-examine witnesses.

Selzer steadfastly denies having done any "covert" intelligence gathering, denies having received any *quid pro quo* of data from the CIA, and denies having solicited contacts from his colleagues for CIA purposes. In their rush to judge Selzer the department members seem to have forgotten that the burden of proof is on *them*, not on Selzer. The department failed to make any objective determination of the facts and did not ascertain whether Selzer's actions were commonplace or unique. The ad hoc investigating committee, chaired by the wife of one of Selzer's accusers (both are department members), did not find it necessary to interview Selzer. Since the only evidence against Selzer consisted of his brother-in-law's accusations and his own statements, it is hard to understand precisely what was investigated. According to even his severest critics, Selzer's competence as a teacher never was in doubt. Therefore, the recommendation to oust him is based solely on his "association" with the CIA, the extent of which is unclear. The position of the department apparently is that any relationship whatever with the CIA is grounds for dismissal, and that this view is "widely understood and accepted" within the American academic community. But it is not widely understood and accepted, by any means.

It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the department's recommendation is *ex post facto*, an attempt to punish Selzer for breaking a rule that was not a rule until after the objectionable behavior occurred. When questioned on this count, members of the department gave two reasons why their decision is not *ex post facto*. First, they argue that certain behavior—such as selling grades to students—is so egregiously wrong that it is unnecessary to spell it out in a professor's contract. But the impropriety of selling grades is not controversial, whereas dealing with the CIA is; Selzer's relationship with the CIA, whatever it may have been, is not self-evidently wrong to everyone in the academic world. Second, it is claimed that the major professional organizations have adopted policy statements against academics' engaging in covert activities for the CIA, and every academic is obliged to know and be bound by these statements.

However, this is not very persuasive, since there is nothing legally binding about the policy statements of the American Association of University Professors or the American Civil Liberties Union, and no professor ever has been ousted from his job for not abiding by such statements. The statement of the American Political Science Association was not promulgated until September 1976, *after* Selzer's alleged actions. (The ACLU statement was adopted in October.) It scarcely seems reasonable to punish Selzer for violating the policies of organizations to which he does not belong (like the American Anthropological Association), or for violating policies that were adopted after-the-fact. Nor is it justifiable to treat such policy statements as legally or contractually binding since they are not entirely consistent with one another.

In point of fact, neither Brooklyn College nor its political science department has had any explicit policy governing the relationship between faculty members and the CIA until January 1977. Thus, whatever one may think of Selzer's actions, it appears that his colleagues seek to oust him for breaking a rule that did not exist when he broke it and that has only now been written.

The national significance of the Selzer case is that it compels those who are members of academic communities to face up to the issue of the CIA. Despite the policy statements by various professional associations, the question of the appropriate relationship between the CIA and scholars remains unsettled. The line between ethical and unethical conduct has not yet been established. Some feel there should be no dealings of any kind between the CIA and academics. Others say that an openly acknowledged involvement—such as the preparation of a research report—is permissible. Still others maintain that debriefing—conveying information and observations of value to the government—is the right, perhaps even the obligation, of every citizen. For some what is intolerable is deceit—for example, using one's scholarly credentials to gain access to information or contacts on behalf of the CIA. We must protect our national security, but we also must guard against governmental manipulation of scholars. The campuses are one of our most important sources of free inquiry. Any intrusion, from whatever source, must be viewed skeptically.

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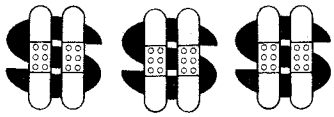

What's Bad for General Motors

by Eliot Marshall

The cost of one ingredient in the American automobile climbs faster and more resolutely than any other. It never recedes, never even stands still. No amount of complaining about it has slowed its ascent in 20 years. No one has successfully wheedled or bullied it into submission. It is the cost of health care.

Last year, the biggest supplier of General Motors was not a maker of metal or glass, but the medical funds known as Blue Shield and Blue Cross. GM's second largest supplier was the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. Its third was US Steel. General Motors spends arount $1700 a year on each employee's health insurance, a sum less remarkable for its size than for the speed with which it has grown and continues to grow. When GM first began paying for health insurance in 1950, Blue Cross and Blue Shield cost the entire nation around $450 million a year. Now they cost GM alone about one billion dollars a year, and the amount goes up by $100 million a year.

No one need feel sorry for GM on this account; it merely passes the cost along to us after adding a little mark-up for profit. But we ought to take note when something gives GM nightmares, because GM is not the kind of organization that scares easily. In a sense, it represents the American economy in miniature.

GM is not alone in its distress, as recent testimony before the President's Council on Wage and Price Stability shows. Bethlehem Steel reported that since 1970 its health costs have been rising at a rate of 19 percent a year. A spokesman for five Chicago banks said that even if improvements in employees' benefits were not counted, the cost of their health insurance has increased 10 percent a year since 1971. The insurance premiums for one federal employee group increased 103 percent in three years. And Eastern Airlines found that since 1973—the year of the OPEC oil price increase—the cost of health insurance has gone up 25 percent annually, a rate surpassed only by Eastern's fuel bills.

Corporate executives aren't the only ones who worry about the price of medicine; it's just that they are a measure of how high the level of anxiety has reached. The unions are unhappy too, because every time insurance rates go up, they eat into potential pay raises for union members. Groups that finance their own health plans feel the pinch directly. And now there may be another reason for concern. Last year GM tried to persuade the United Auto Workers that its members should share more of the cost of paying medical bills, so that they would get a personal taste of inflation and perhaps go to the doctor less often. The union rejected the idea, but it was put on the defensive about health expenses. The proposal will come up again, GM assured me.

Because they are big and dim-sighted, bureaucracies almost never recognize a human problem when they bump into one. They respond slowly to kicks and bruises, but as a rule they do not budge from their chosen path unless they encounter a howling mob or another bureaucracy. Then they perk up and quiver. The reason health costs are so difficult to grapple with is that they're remarkably well confined to the realm of bureaucracy.

The individual consumer has a passing acquaintance with the problem that keeps General Motors awake at night. He may look at the $800 fee his hospital sends him for fixing a broken bone, forward it to the insurance company, step back and shudder in the wake of the thing that has just thundered by. If he is among the 25 million people who have no insurance, he may get knocked flat and trampled. But most of us (90 percent) have some kind of insurance; we've joined medicare or medicaid or bought into one of the private insurance systems because it's the only way to avoid being crushed. If an employer pays the premium, we are even less likely to notice the battles that are being fought on the bureaucratic plane. Medical fees are beyond belief, but we count on our bureaucracies to worry about that, and hope that the system makes sense from some vantage point. That's why there is no howling mob at the hospital gate. Recently, however, groups have been gathering outside the fence, big ones like General Motors and the United Auto Workers. They are milling around and murmuring that something must be done to stop the inflation.

Not much has been accomplished since the Nixon

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administration, either in extending health insurance to the 25 million who are not protected or in cutting costs. One of the particular goals of Nixon's price freeze in 1971 was to stop the inflation of hospital costs. It worked, but not very well and not for long. Even while the freeze was on, hospitals managed to slip around the regulations like other companies and keep expanding. When the freeze was over, hospital budgets shot off like rockets. A decade ago the health industry made up about six percent of the gross national product; now it makes up eight percent—more than the defense industry. In 1950 it cost $15 to stay in a hospital room for one day; now it costs $175. There's no sign that the rate will soon slow down.

President Ford took up the battle that Nixon began, but the only weapons he carried were some scholarly studies and an unpersuasive threat to lower federal reimbursements to hospitals that didn't show some restraint. The latest of the studies, written for the wage and price council by Martin Feldstein and Amy Taylor of Harvard University, was published in January. Although many of the findings are presented in statistics, the conclusion is in clear English: "The sustained increase in the cost of hospital care is without parallel in any other sector of the economy. The cost of a day of hospital care is currently increasing at an annual rate of more than 15 percent . . . While the general level of consumer prices has risen 125 percent since 1950, the cost of a day of hospital care has climbed more than 1000 percent."

Most important, the authors found that inflation was not driven—as hospitals often claim—by an increase in workers' wage demands, the cost of supplies or even by an increase in patients' demands for service. Costs have gone up, they decided, because hospitals are accustomed to receiving lavish subsidies from unquestioning providers of money. They spend accordingly: "The effect of prepaying health care through insurance, both public and private, is to encourage hospitals to provide a more expensive product than the consumers actually wish to purchase." Because doctors, not patients, actually decide how much we spend on health care, because doctors do not lose but gain when spending increases, and because the cost of medicine is obscured by bureaucratic agencies, the system devours every penny made available and asks for more. Somebody must say, No. Who will it be?

A new administration has come to town trumpeting threats and preparing to join the fray. President Ford's people went so far last year as to threaten to deny uncooperative and spendthrift hospitals a fraction of the federal money they receive from the medicaid and medicare programs. It was a small gesture and the hospitals weren't shaken. But now Joseph Califano, the new Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, seeks a more Draconian measure. He would like to have, and President Carter promises he will get, a new federal law putting all hospital budgets in the US under his control. Califano said that if he obtains this power, he will let hospitals expand their budgets at the rate of no more than nine percent a year. The average now is 15 percent. But no one knows how he will do it.

The force that drives medical costs upward springs from a deep source. Buried under layers of institutional debris, it is really quite simple. It is the desire of sick people to be cured, at whatever the cost, combined with healthy peoples' determination to become healthier. It's the same thing that made Dale Carnegie rich, in a more desperate form. Doctors, hospitals, insurance companies and massive federal agencies all are borne along on its tide. Because it's so much more comfortable, even profitable, to swim along with the current than to resist, few even try. Those who try to trim the growth of the medical system are overwhelmed by the complexity of the task. They disappear ignominiously.

No federal agency has learned to say no to the hospitals. (No private agency has the nerve.) Bureaucrats are incapable of writing a rule that would distinguish between a sick person seeking help and a healthy person seeking comfort. No one could devise such a rule. So, given the task of cutting costs, the government imposes ceilings wherever it can: ceilings on doctor fees, on technicians' salaries, on the purchase and rental of machinery and on everything else that can be quantified and limited. This doesn't have the desired effect, though. First, it doesn't apply to private health care. And second, it makes public administration more complex without instilling any impulse toward self-restraint. It doesn't discourage hypochondriacs' imaginations or doctors' greed, reduce reliance on drugs, cut unnecessary hospitalization or create efficient patterns of work. On the contrary, doctors and patients tend to view a ceiling as a floor. The outsiders who try to impose limits are seen as meddlesome bureaucrats; they are despised for their devotion to paperwork, fee schedules, reimbursement formulae, asinine questionnaires and surveys, and for their ignorance and suspicion. The system is turned upside down this way. Instead of encouraging doctors and patients to be self-critical, it makes them defensive. Everyone tries to beat the rules, and the honest players lose out.

A series of articles in the coming weeks will examine some ways that costs are driven up by the confused structure of the medical establishment. Most of the burden falls on doctors and hospitals because they make the final decision on who gets treated, for how long and at what cost. The insurance funds are crucial, too, because they supply the steady flow of cash that keeps the system afloat. They are managed entirely by private companies and are not subject to rigorous public review. Finally, there is the federal government. Since 1965 it has also had a large part in expanding the health service industry, a part it has played with its usual clumsiness. Each of these groups has contributed to the explosion of costs, as future articles will explain.

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Getting On

The Late Show (Warner Bros.). In the generally Lilliputian world of film, there's always some risk of exaggerating the height of the occasional giants, but what's worse is that often dwarfs look taller than they are. This new film, for instance. Just because it's not stupid or cheap, the critical lyres are hymning it as some kind of marvel. It's not. It's just not stupid or cheap.

The Late Show was written and directed by Robert Benton who also wrote and directed *Bad Company*, an attempt at an offhand Western, and who was co-author of *Bonnie and Clyde*. (He was also co-author of a pleasant Broadway musical about Superman.) In *Bad Company* and this new film, Benton opted for intelligent humorous casualness, but what in both cases began as *genre* joke runs out of steam. He expects too much cooperation from us just because we can see that he's casually funny.

In one way *The Late Show* is like *Nasty Habits* reviewed here two weeks ago: the initial idea is clever enough, but all the script does is *have* that idea and then, in terms of invention, it quits. The egg is laid but not hatched. Still that idea is appealing: a private-eye picture about Los Angeles today, à la Raymond Chandler, only the hero is an ailing old retired private detective, and the woman, instead of being sleek and dangerous, is a Hollywood whacko, a bit drugged out and transcendentally meditated and nature-fed.

The woman is played by Lily Tomlin who gave *Nashville* its most valid moments as the married woman who knowingly let herself be used by a rock star. Here again Tomlin is lovely. She has an instinct for truth which she handles unsententiously. Easily and delicately she creates this Hollywood nut whirling continually in a flurry of impulses as self-protection for central insecurity.

Art Carney, the old detective, is a different story. As in *Harry and Tonto* he has a shoo-in part: all he has to do is remember the words and not fall down and the reviews are as good as written. But to me Carney is a competent performer, not an actor at all. In between the cue before his line and the one after it he supplies something that won't let the show collapse, but he doesn't enrich it much. All you have to do is imagine Edward G. Robinson or Spencer Tracy in this part, and you can see that Carney is there chiefly because neither of those other men is available. Carney has audience sentiment going for him because he's been around so long and because he's chiefly remembered as a TV buffoon who now seems to be "moving up" at the end of a comic career, the way Ed Wynn thought he was. But Carney hasn't grown, beginning with his face. It never was much of a face except for mugging, and now it's the kind of older man's face that, in a slightly obscene way, has remained babyish. Think of Lily Tomlin's face as it will be 30 years from now. That's the difference.

Well, after the initial gimmick in character and casting, Benton has to fill in two hours, which is where he fell down. It's a very dull mystery full of dull surprises. The only slightly wry note is that the mastermind crook of the plot isn't dealing in emeralds or cocaine but in household goods, TV sets, sports shirts, washing machines, etc.

Benton has studied the way a lot of private-eye films were directed and learned his direction from them.

F Is for Fake (Specialty). Talk about disastrous agings. Can there be a sadder figure in the arts today than Orson Welles, the human balloon of the Johnny Carson Show and the Dean Martin Celebrity Roasts? No theater/film figure in this century started higher or did so much unforgettable work so soon. There is some debate between those who (like myself) think his career was one long slide after *Citizen Kane* and those who think that it kept growing all the way to *The Immortal Story*. (Recently I saw his second film again, *The Magnificent Ambersons* and was struck even more strongly with its split—between the touching Midwestern story that Welles understands well and the impasto of inappropriate expressionistic chiaroscuro that he laid on it.) The point here is that he hasn't finished a film in five years, and it would take someone especially naive or especially cynical to believe that the toughness of financiers is the whole reason.

As for the man himself, I leave to parlor psychiatrists his secret reasons for allowing his body to grow gross. I note only that no serious leading actor has ever allowed that to happen to him. You cannot name one. And his performance as Falstaff showed that he couldn't act the one great fat role either.

And what is this new film? First, it's not new, it was done in 1973 and is his one accomplishment of the last decade. It's a piece of gimcrack japery, an ad hoc pastiche that Welles is trying to pass off as a planned work on charlatanry. Some years ago he and the French filmmaker François Reichenbach began a film about the incredible art forger Elmyr de Hory who lived on Ibiza. An American named Clifford Irving, also on Ibiza with his wife, had written a book about de Hory, and footage was shot on both Irvings. Then, at some point in the film work, both Irvings got involved in the Howard Hughes caper, and Welles decided to include the second development as if the whole film had been planned that way.

Some of the conversations are patently spurious. One person speaks, then the camera goes to another person shot at another time putting in a question or responding. The de Hory story is forced into parallels of chicanery with the Hughes story that can't be sustained. Irving may have got the idea of his fakery from de Hory's example, but a) there is no real footage on the Hughes story, just some scrounged-up news photographs; b) there's a much more

Films Worth Seeing

Cousin Cousine. A French romance about sex, posing, pleasantly enough, as some truth on the matter.

The Marquise of O . . . Eric Rohmer's fine film (his first in German) from Kleist's great story.

Network. Suspend your disbelief and enjoy Paddy Chayefsky's razzle-dazzle about TV power-plays. Well acted and directed.

The Seven-per-cent-Solution. Sherlock Holmes, Sigmund Freud, bright dialogue and polished acting. Enough?

SK

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complex esthetic question in a fake Matisse that stumps the experts than in a fake autobiography. Elmyr de Hory was a fascinating and gifted man; Irving is neither. The former was worth a film; the latter is already a dated, if not dead issue.

Even with this *ex post facto* splicing of stories Welles didn't have enough for a feature, so he tacked on a story about a girl and Picasso and the girl's grandfather with an oh-so-arch revelation at the end that the story was invented by Welles—all with his latter-day air of ladies-club-lecturer worldliness.

The whole film is bombarded with incessant trick editing, cutting in and out of an editing-machine screen. Welles doubtless could rationalize this method as being the cinematic equivalent of sleight-of-hand; in proof, it simply tires the eyes and suggests very early that we're getting all this editing glitter because there's so little film underneath it.

Welles appears throughout, chiefly as magisterial compère, ponderous and self-impressed, sometimes doing those little magic tricks for which he is known, usually smoking cigars. The cigars look wonderful. I would gladly have settled for one of them instead of having to see this film a second time. (It was shown at the NY Film Festival two years ago and I had to refresh myself.)

Seeing it again made me dislike it even more, but it also made me feel even sadder about Welles. He's now 61. His last 10 and his next 10 years could have been his high point as director. What will he do? Just stay fat and smoke more cigars on television and in bad films like *Voyage of the Damned*? Rely on our understanding that "conditions" prevent him from doing anything but stay fat and smoke?

Twilight's Last Gleaming (Allied Artists). I won't review this thriller about Titan missiles. I just want to quote one line that's worth preserving. Burt Lancaster, an ex-general, is besieged in a missile site with Paul Winfield. Never mind why, but at one point Lancaster turns to Winfield and says, with that solemnity of which he alone is master, "There are no midgets in the United States Air Force."

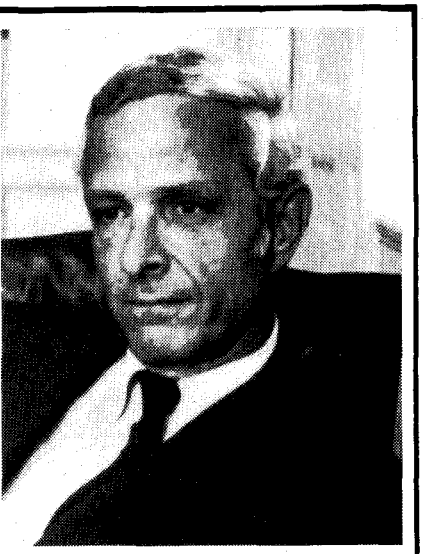
I only hope that the line won't intrigue you sufficiently to see the film.

B. H. Haggin on music

Boulez and Mahler

Orchestra players acquire in their rehearsals and performances a doer's knowledge, understanding and perception of what happens in the joint operation of orchestra and conductor that even an experienced listener—even one whose experience includes observation of orchestral rehearsals—cannot have. When Barenboim made his first appearances as a conductor in New York with the London Symphony he was reported in the *Times* to have "a fine feeling for balances, and the clearest, most incisive of beats . . . . His left hand is independent . . . supplementing and not echoing the right." As a listener I was able to hear the lack of even a crude feeling for orchestral balance in the performances of Beethoven's Fifth and Schubert's Ninth that made the works sound like concertos for kettledrums. But my guest at one concert—a bassoonist who had played for 20 years in the Vienna Philharmonic and another 20 in the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra—revealed in a constant nervous movement of his hands the anxiety he said he shared vicariously with the players who, he could perceive, were having to decide which of the contradictory indications of Barenboim's impressively flailing arms to obey. "He is lucky," my guest commented, "that he conducts an orchestra which knows itself what to do."

It was astonishing, therefore, to read, in an article in the *Times* about the New York Philharmonic, that its members—giving their written evaluations of the conductors they had played with, and replying to the question whether or not they would like to play with them again—had said "yes" for Barenboim and "no" for Michael Tilson Thomas. Thomas is the extraordinarily gifted conductor and musician whom I heard produce with them a marvelously conceived and executed performance of Mozart's Symphony K. 338. Orchestra players, it turns out, occasionally say things that a mere listener can dispute—this because even as possessors of the instrumental expertise they are paid to exercise they vary in musical sensitivity and professional attitude, and as people they vary in intelligence, personal



A "new world order" could well create a new world chaos

It is both naive and dangerous, argues Robert W. Tucker, to seek any sudden, massive transfer of wealth and power from the "have" to the "have not" nations. Even if this were possible, Dr. Tucker does not think it would create more justice in the world. He shows conclusively that enforced redistribution of wealth that runs counter to current realities of power is doomed to fail; the result will inevitably bring not justice, but large-scale violence.

THE INEQUALITY OF NATIONS

Robert W. Tucker

"Johns Hopkins political scientist Tucker, whose call for a Western military takeover of the Persian Gulf oilfields raised an uproar, may cause another flurry of controversy with this sophisticated analysis . . . . His unorthodox views could force both liberals and conservatives to rethink their policies."
—Publishers Weekly

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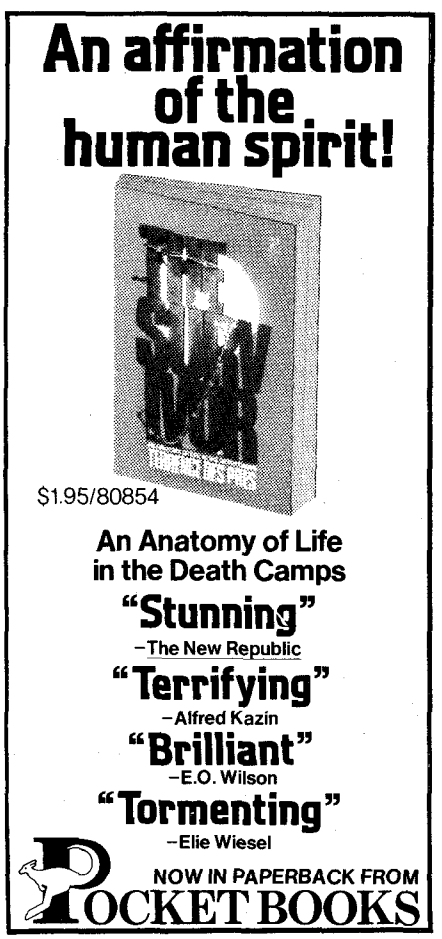
sensitivity, even personal decency. In the Philharmonic they range from the conscientious young cellist who was reported, in the *Times* article, to have been in tears after his first day with the orchestra, a rehearsal with Boulez, which the players' horsing around had reduced to a shambles—from this cellist, and some others like him, to the players whose wrecking of the rehearsal demonstrated their lack of the strict professional principle they claim to be governed by. "We set high standards for ourselves," one player was quoted as saying, in the article, "and we expect the same of our conductors"—which was controverted not only by the wrecked rehearsal but by the "yes" for Barenboim and "no" for Thomas. And there was also a player's statement that with Boulez "it's like performing an autopsy. He understands pitch and rhythmic relationships—not music"—astounding to a listener who had heard, most recently, the moving performance of the finale of Mahler's Third that Boulez had produced with the orchestra.

Since that performance was moving not only to me but to the 2000 listeners who stood applauding and cheering at its conclusion, I was surprised to find it characterized as "unmoving" by Andrew Porter in *The New Yorker*. His response represented the difference between his idea of Mahler's music as the determinant of the correct way to perform it, and the idea developed by Boulez in an article, "Mahler Now," which Porter had read in a book entitled *Gustave Mahler in Vienna*, and a somewhat revised version of which I read in *The New York Review*. In that article Boulez discusses the characteristics of Mahler's music that he thinks were responsible for the many years in which it was rarely performed and make it difficult to understand even now when it is performed constantly. Since Boulez is, with all his extraordinary musical gifts, an eccentric in his musical composing and thinking, what he says in the article is a mingling of occasional illuminating perceptions with much that I cannot understand. But though I have difficulty in understanding Boulez's words I never had any in understanding Mahler's music. I was impressed immediately by his Symphony No. 2 when I first heard it, performed by Mengelberg with the Philharmonic, in the '20s; and when I fled from Carnegie Hall after an hour of Mengelberg's rehearsal of the first movement of No. 7 it was not because I couldn't understand it but because what I understood was unattractive and, after an hour, impossible to listen to. Further experience increased my understanding of both the earlier four symphonies of Mahler that moved and fascinated me and the later five that I found impossible to listen to. By the time I heard the genial No. 4, performed by Bruno Walter with the Philharmonic in 1944, I could perceive that it was "characteristically expansive and long-winded," but characteristic also in its manifestations of the unfailing alertness and attentiveness of mind that kept the progression freshly interesting—the use of now these few instruments and now those few, of the enormous orchestra, in detail after detail that was strikingly, fascinatingly original; and the daring harmony and counterpoint. (I noted also that Walter's tendency to carry relaxation to the point of slackness was not the weakness in Mahler's music that it was in Beethoven's and Schubert's.) On the other hand, when I heard No. 8 for the first time in 1950 I decided that its frenetic ranting was of no interest to me; and hearing two movements of the uncompleted No. 10 that year, I recognized the difference between the earlier Mahler diffuseness produced by an active, inventive mind and the later diffuseness that was a mere filling in of the huge canvas with endless repetitions of empty gestures and lifeless mannerisms. I will add that this is what I now hear in the No. 9 that impressed me years ago when I first heard the recording of the historic performance conducted by Walter in Vienna in 1938.

As against these experiences of mine with the music there was what I read about it in the notes accompanying the performances at concerts and on records. They were written by people for whom every work of Mahler was a masterpiece, and who thought it necessary to provide the listener with his every known word, spoken or written, about the performed work, every state of mind and emotion it produced in him as he was composing it—this in the evident belief that what they reported as going on in the tormented composer's mind and life not only made the music he composed understandable but was what made it—always—impressive, moving, great. For me, therefore, one of Boulez's most valuable perceptions in his article is the statement about "how difficult [and by implication how necessary] it is, in the case of Mahler, to steer free of the legend which stubbornly mingles his life and his work—the melodrama and the agony," and the exhortation to "confront directly the uneven monuments he left behind." And related to this statement about the music is the later one about its performance: that while Mahler did not intend his many directions in the scores to inhibit "a great subjective re-creation . . . he knew better than to mistake sloppiness for 'interpretation.' He knew that the most demanding kind of freedom actually requires the strictest discipline." For to "succumb to the frenzies of the moment" is both to "trivialize [the music] and empty it of profound content" and to "destroy the subliminal structure which balances the various developments in the work."

That is the issue between Boulez and Porter, who believes that what Mahler's music has to offer, and performance of it must reveal, is "above all 'the expression of feelings,'" and who finds fault with the conductors of today who he says are concerned with revealing the music's structure rather than with "dissolving us into ecstasies and bringing all heaven—or hell—before our eyes." He describes the excellences of Walter's 1938 performance of No. 9—among them "a sense of long-breathed singing and an emotional intensity, expressed in



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tone color and by accent and rubato within the phrases, that were missing in the Philharmonic performance" with Boulez last fall, which he found "unidiomatic both in timbre and in the use of rubato (which Boulez seems to apply in a cosmetic fashion, and not because he feels the music that way)." Quoting a Philharmonic player's complaint about Boulez's requiring only "the right notes at the right times" and there being "never any joy in making music," Porter says that "if to 'joy' we add 'awe,' even 'terror,' it begins to explain why Boulez's Mahler proves so unaffecting." But I, listening only to Boulez's performance of No. 3, heard rubatos that were genuinely felt as part of an expressive intensity that demonstrated concern with more than the right notes at the right times, in the disciplined shaping of the work that made it deeply moving.

Roots of Victory, Roots of Defeat

If there is anything new under the pale sun this winter, it is not, despite the fanfare, Alex Haley's best-selling work of history-fiction. *Roots: The Saga Of An American Family* is warming, yes, but not new. As Meg Greenfield pointed out in a recent *Newsweek* column (Feb. 14), interesting comparisons of form, subject and reception can be made between Haley's book and Harriet Beecher Stowe's distant classic, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Stowe wrote a moving serial that became a book; Haley wrote a moving book that became a serial. But both used the facts of American slavery and their skill as dramatic writers to arouse extraordinary popular sentiments over inequalities in a democracy that was founded on racial exploitation.

Not surprisingly, Stowe herself offered some insight into the artists' impulse and the public's response. In 1856, while Alex Haley's great-grandfather was doing forced labor as a blacksmith in Alamance County, North Carolina, Stowe published *Dred: A Tale of the Great Dismal Swamp*, stating in the preface, "The writer of this book has chosen, once more, a subject from the scenes and incidents of the slaveholding states." Stowe worked from the basic facts of Nat Turner's Revolt, much as Haley started from painstakingly established facts about selected branches of his family tree, and she observed candidly at the outset that from "a merely artistic point of view, there is no ground, ancient or modern, whose vivid light, gloomy shadows, and grotesque groupings, afford to the novelist so wide a scope." She hastened to add, however, that no matter how legitimate this dramatic motive might be, "it was not the only nor the highest one. It is the moral bearings of the subject involved which have had the chief influence in its selection."

High human drama, surpassed by even higher moral implications: these are the shared motivations which drew two extremely different but equally successful evangelical writers to their common theme. Haley, despite the differences of race, sex, region and time, would identify readily with the New England author who refused, in her second book on racial slavery in America, to turn "aside from that mine whose inexhaustible stores have but begun to be developed." And now, more than 120 years later, Haley is leading a wide segment of the public back into that still-rich mine.

Stories of survival under slavery may come to supplement stories of survival on the frontier in America's central mythology. For a culture where social stratification and racial bigotry are more crucial issues than territorial expansion or geographic mobility, plantation row could one day supplant Dodge City as the stageset for much of the country's most exciting, sentimental, and moralistic folklore. (Already Universal Television is at work on *All God's Children*, an apparent bastardization of Theodore Rosengarten's brilliant profile, *All God's Dangers*, which will put the struggles of a black sharecropping family on a par with the bittersweet, humble-but-happy homelife portrayed in *The Waltons* and *Little House on the Prairie*.)

Haley, of course, has been down the dark mineshaft of American racism as an author once before. Indeed, one of the most striking aspects of the orchestrated hoopla surrounding the media presentation of *Roots* is the fact that only the slightest possible mention has been given to Haley's previous book. Ask the person beside you on the bus or behind you in the grocery line what *else* Alex Haley has written. Chances are they will not know, and the publicists are not making any effort to remind them. Yet Haley's *Autobiography of Malcolm X* has sold more than six million copies since it appeared in paper in 1966. In 1970 college bookstores reckoned it their most popular paperback of the previous decade.

The important fact which few people have picked up on as yet is not that Haley is two-for-two with best-sellers, but rather that there are some interesting continuities between the two books. How much Malcolm influenced Haley, or indeed how much Haley shaped the Malcolm of the *Autobiography* to his own liking, can never be known, and the differences separating both remain obvious. Yet intriguing links exist between the two men, and the two books, which will eventually demand careful exploration. A careful reader of *Roots* might well envision Haley copying down Malcolm's words for the *Autobiography*: "Sometimes, I have dared to dream to myself that one day, history may even say that my voice—which disturbed the white man's smugness, and his arrogance, and his complacency—that my voice helped to save America from a grave, possibly even a fatal catastrophe."

If Haley's *Roots* has interesting antecedents that have hardly been explored, or even noticed, as yet, so does the TV "mini-series" which supposedly sprang from Haley's book. I say "supposedly" because you only had to read the book and watch the show to have doubts about whether Haley had fathered the blockbuster (*Time* magazine, in a rare lapse as the guardian of American dinner-table conversation, dismissed *Roots* as a "middle-of-the-road *Mandingo*" before the show aired.) Who knows the true story? My own suspicion, after a careful viewing, is that Roone Arledge, the ABC sports producer (who for years has squeezed amazing profits out of fields tilled by a predominantly black work force) had a lot to do with *Roots*. I may be wrong, but I sense a striking resemblance to John Corti's successful "Autobiography of Miss Jane Pittman" and to several of Arledge's earlier offspring.

Perhaps the most crucial and distinctive feature of this particular saga *as television* was its form. "Part of *Roots*'s brilliance was in the programming," moaned an envious CBS executive;

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"ABC caused an explosion by compressing the presentation." But it was not the first instance of saturation bombing by ABC, and here's where Arledge comes in. When was the last time you felt hooked on a TV phenomenon of this length and intensity? (I do not mean a mild weekly stimulant—"Charlie's Angels," "Animal World"—nor something so ritualistic as the World Series or so boring as a political convention.) Probably it was the Summer Olympics on ABC, "Executive-Producer-Roone-Arledge"; and given all the obvious differences, the similarities of format with *Roots* are worth noting.

There were extensive and well-planned publicity build-ups before each event, stressing the lavish preparations and the pre-blast-off sense of risk among the brave entrepreneurs in charge. *Roots'* is a risky enterprise, both artistically and commercially," stated a feature article in the Sunday *New York Times* last June, under the headline, "A Saga of Slavery That Made The Actors Weep." In a classic summary, the article reported: "Network executives are enthusiastic about *roots* because its miseries format resembles last season's serialization of 'Rich Man, Poor Man,' which drew a large audience. . . . They also are nervous because the resemblance between the two productions stops there."

Like the Olympics (and unlike "Rich Man, Poor Man") *Roots* managed to dominate not merely the TV set but American communications generally for a brief span. Magazines, newspapers, private conversations all reinforced one another in a promoter's heavenly equivalent of the surfer's perfect wave. Each show began with an identifiable fanfare and a summary of previous events, building on a manufactured sense that you were "watching history." In fact, in each instance a highly complicated reality—hundreds of events in the Olympics, hundreds of years in *Roots*—was boiled down to a digestible number of easily recognized stars, whose physical and emotional dramas ("the thrill of victory, the agony of defeat" I believe is the old Arledge line) were presented "up close and personal" in the bite-size chunks that are an advertiser's delight, for they keep viewer-consumers coming back for days at a time. At the end of the Olympics a friend of mine muttered in mock commercialese, "I can't believe I watched *the whole thing*," and he might well have said the same thing after *Roots*. Needless to say, none of this reflects on Haley's story or the caliber of the numerous actors, much less upon the unimaginably moving and enraging saga of Afro-American history itself; it is merely a comment on the format of a successful business venture at ABC.

For before all else, that is what TV *Roots* was. In an industry where income reached six billion dollars last year, the stakes are high. ABC paid a mere $250,000 for the rights to *Roots* and produced 12 hours of big name television on a "slim" six million dollar budget. (By contrast it paid 25 million dollars, exactly 100 times as much, for the right to produce 78 hours of Olympics coverage from Montreal.) In addition, the network managed to schedule *Roots* on the week used by commercial television to fix advertising rates for the coming year. No wonder ABC could afford to buy a full page ad in *TV Guide* "thanking" everyone connected with the production. We haven't seen *that* since Montreal.

And what of "Miss Jane Pittman"? The connection is this. That program was produced in the early 1970s and "sold" to the public less in terms of an unending fight against social injustice than in terms of Cicely Tyson's make-up job. Remember? It served, though no one noticed at the time, as something of a media obituary for the second Reconstruction. An awesome and unfinished struggle had been reduced to the acceptable, touching tale of a fictional woman's long journey to the drinking fountain. "Yes, Virginia, there was a Civil Rights Movement. And this is all you need to know of it."

TV *Roots*, for all its life, could also serve as an obituary notice, helping to bury the very questions of freedom and equality which it purports to address. The imagined travails of Kunta Kinte may obscure the experiences of other Afro-American slaves about whom we know a great deal more. The uses to which the culture will put the Kinte family are now entirely out of the hands of Haley himself. Just as Stowe would be surprised by what became of her Little Eva and Uncle Tom, who can imagine what will have been made of Kizzy and Chicken George 100 years from now?

Peter H. Wood

Peter H. Wood is professor of history at Duke and the author of *Black Majority: Negroes in Colonial South Carolina from 1670 through the Stone Rebellion* (Oxford).

Books Considered

Public Persons
by Walter Lippmann
edited by Gilbert A. Harrison

(Liveright; $7.95)

This book was written by Walter Lippmann, who was discovered in 1914 by *The New Republic* (and vice versa), edited by Gilbert A. Harrison, editor of the magazine from 1953-1975, published by Harrison's old house, Liveright, and now reviewed by another of Lippmann's old friends. What follows obviously is not a spare and grudging account of its excellence.

Public Persons is a picture album in words—and what words!—of the men and women of his age from the '20s to the '70s—from William James, George Santayana and Warren Harding to Adlai Stevenson, Charles de Gaulle and Richard Nixon—and it is hard to read it without marking the decline in our standards of vivid writing and thoughtful criticism.

It is a shock, almost a rebuke, to those of us who comment on Public Persons of our own day to read these early observations of Lippmann on the personalities and perplexities of his own time. There was a verbal punch and philosophical reach to his writings, even when he was in his early 20s, that is seldom matched today. He ranged across the world of politics, literature and manners, not always wisely or even accurately, but with a depth of feeling and pity for what he called "the squeaky, rickety progress of human affairs."

Harrison provides a brilliant introduction on the facts. Lippmann was born September 23, 1889 in New York City, the only child of prosperous German Jewish parents, and died there December 14, 1974. He attended a select boys' academy in New York, Sach's Institute, finished Harvard in three years with the highest honors in 1910, worked for a year with Lincoln Steffens

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on *Everybody's Magazine*, joined Herbert Croly on the staff of this magazine in 1914, and then went on to *The World* in New York. When it went down he went to the *Herald Tribune*, and when that failed—he was unlucky in his choice of newspapers—he continued his syndicated column, "Today and Tomorrow," for years.

There is no better way to recommend Lippmann than to let him speak for himself:

On William James: "He was tolerant; he was willing to listen to what seems preposterous, and to consider what might, though queer, be true . . . James was a democrat. He gave all men and creeds, any idea, any theory, any superstition, a respectful hearing." (This also is not a bad definition of James's pupil, Lippmann, who had a "chivalrous respect" for the opinions he opposed.)

On Calvin Coolidge: "He typified those very standards of life which his time most flagrantly disregarded . . . He was for thrift in an age of wild extravagance, for prudence in an age of fantastic imprudence, for caution amidst drunken recklessness . . . Few imitated, though almost everyone admired his example."

On H. G. Wells: "Wells does not merely tell in simple and attractive form what historians or biologists are reaching. He is if you like the man who makes the map out of a thousand partial surveys, or the architect who makes the design of a house out of the special craft of the steel maker, mason, plumber and carpenter. He represents the last stage in the making of knowledge, the stage of the finished product adapted to human use. . . ."

On Adlai Stevenson: "He injured no men. His enemies were men who recognized that he did not share and was a living reproach to the new imperiousness of our power and wealth, that he was a deeply established American who had no part in the arrogance of the newly rich and newly powerful and newly arrived. His very presence made them uncomfortable, even abashed, all the more because he was so witty when they were so hot, so elegant when they were making a spectacle of themselves."

On Pope John XXIII: "The reign of Pope John has been a wonder which grows more astounding the more we think how amidst the angry enmities of our time he became so greatly loved. It is a modern miracle that anyone could reach across all the barriers of class, caste, color and creed to touch the hearts of all kinds of people. There has been nothing like it, certainly not in the modern age. The miracle is a proof which we sorely needed that all varieties of men do actually belong to one human family. Otherwise, so many could not have heard and understood and responded to Pope John."

Two qualities set Lippmann apart from all others writing regularly in the daily press: his fidelity to the great issues of his time, and the lucidity of his writing. Because he was so disciplined in his personal and intellectual life, and wrote on subjects that endured, he was not the prisoner of the hour-to-hour news, but left himself plenty of time to question and report. In the process, he picked up more hard news and gossip than most reporters, but he never trivialized his work. He called his column "Today and Tomorrow" precisely because he was always writing about developments that would have some significance in the future life of the nation. He thought in generations and continents.

It may seem paradoxical in one who concentrated so much on laws and issues to devote so much attention to the play of personality and the character of public events, and we are indebted to Gilbert Harrison for rescuing these vivid vignettes from the vast store of his work. Harrison also reminds us of Lippmann's gift for separating his personal preferences from his political judgments. "Lippmann," says Harrison in his introduction, "shrewdly assessed the value of his reputation; it was not to be squandered on trivial topics or audiences, or lost causes.

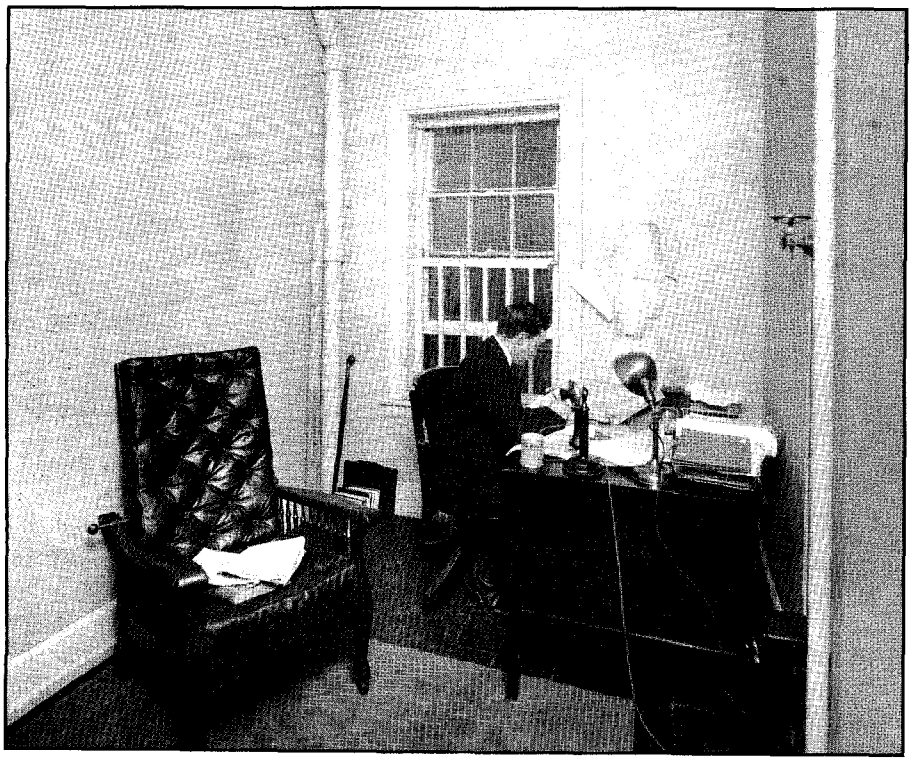
"Nor, to the disappointment of more partisan-minded friends, would he allow his personal preferences to determine his public judgments. Many hoped he would support the presidential candidacies of Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and Eugene McCarthy in 1968—were they not, after all, his sort of men, thoughtful and urbane? They were, but Lippmann endorsed their Republican opponents."

Mr. Justice Holmes said his prose was like fly-paper; "If I touch it, I am stuck till I finish it." His critics faulted many of his political judgments, and even complained that his arguments were "clearer than the truth," but his mastery of the English language was unsurpassed in the newspapers of his own day, and remains a model in our own.

Accordingly, this is a book for the young as well as for those interested in these receding historical figures. Walter Lippmann had the odd habit of thinking *before* he wrote, rather than letting his pen run wild all over the page. That is why this is a book of such carefully polished gems.

James Reston

James Reston is a columnist for *The New York Times*.



Walter Lippmann at The New Republic offices, 1915

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Selected Letters of William Faulkner edited by Joseph Blotner

(Random House; $15)

I admit to some disappointment after reading the 500 pages of Faulkner's *Selected Letters*, and part of it is owed to Faulkner himself. Unlike Hemingway he did not write letters as a substitute for intimate conversation late at night. He did not gossip about friends, express outrageous opinions, boast engagingly, or make amusing stories out of his misadventures. It is clear that he begrudged the labor of writing anything but fiction. Once he spent half an hour looking for a letter that he had written and mislaid. A friend asked if it wouldn't be easier to write a new one. "It's bad enough to have to write letters," Faulkner said. "It's inexcusable to lose one that's already written. To have to rewrite one is intolerable."

Faulkner wrote letters when there was something that one person had to be told. He wrote them well, as might have been expected, with old-fashioned courtesy, with candor about his feelings, but usually with an undertone of reticence. Sometimes he poured out his heart to an editor, and he was lucky in having good ones. More often, apparently, he poured it out to a young woman, but most of the love letters have either been withheld (as those to Helen Baird and Meta Carpenter) or else have been severely edited by their recipients. My disappointment, though, is largely due to the personal circumstance that most of the material in the *Selected Letters* is familiar to me. The more revealing letters about the Yoknapatawpha saga were printed 10 years ago in *The Faulkner-Cowley File*. Almost all the correspondence was available to Joseph Blotner when he wrote his two-volume biography of Faulkner and he made wide use of it there, in many cases giving longer extracts than he has chosen for the present volume. The additional letters that have since become available add details to the picture without changing it essentially.

It is the picture of a genius involved in a continual desperate search for money enough to support his family. "And in God's name get me the money as fast as you can," he wrote to his agent in the spring of 1934. It was a plea repeated in one letter after another. "Have you sold the Drusilla story yet?" he asked in December of that same year, "I can use the money right now to beat hell." The Drusilla story was finally sold to *Scribner's* for a modest sum after being rejected by the *Saturday Evening Post*. Faulkner was luckier with an abbreviated version of "The Bear," which he sent to his new agent, Harold Ober, in November 1941. "I am in a situation," he said, "where I will take almost anything for it or almost anything else I can write." This time the *Post* accepted the story after revision and paid $1000, which was one-fourth of the fee that went to its favorite authors. "As a rule," one of the editors told Blotner, "we bought Faulkner stories if we could understand them—and sometimes if we couldn't." Still, Faulkner was not a favorite author.

He was then supporting two households in Oxford, besides five households of tenants on his unproductive farm. He owed money for groceries, coal, electricity, insurance, local taxes and income taxes, and his future royalties were mortgaged to a Memphis bank. "Maybe what I need is a bankruptcy, like a soldier needs delousing," he wrote to Robert K. Haas, then his closest friend at Random House. It is a consolation to learn that there was no bankruptcy and that his debts were paid to the last penny even before he became a popular author. He had a puritan conscience about discharging obligations, whether these were financial, moral or merely imagined. Sometimes, however, he became utterly discouraged about his prospects, and this was especially true during his last year in Hollywood. To Ober he sent a desperate plea:

> *. . . I think I have had about all of Hollywood I can stand. I feel bad, depressed, dreadful sense of wasting time, I imagine most of the symptoms of some kind of blow-up or collapse . . . Feeling as I do, I am actually becoming afraid to stay here much longer . . . Before leaving here, I will try to make what contacts I can in hopes to do work at home, as this seems to be the easiest way I can earn money which I must have or at least think I must have. Meanwhile, have you anything in mind I might do, for some more or less certain revenue? My books have never sold, are out of print; the labor (the creation of my apocryphal county) of my life, even if I have a few things yet to add to it, will never make a living for me. I don't have enough sure judgment about trash to be able to write it with 50% success. Could I do some sort of editorial work, or some sort of hack-writing at home, where living won't cost me so much as here . . . ?*

The letter was written in August 1945, less than a year before a decisive change in his fortunes. Even in the worst times, however, Faulkner never lost faith in his genius. "I am the best in America, by God," he wrote with his pen at the foot of a typed letter to Haas in 1939. But the struggle to keep alive had robbed him of his joy in writing. "Goddam it, I want to do it for fun again, like I used to: not just to prove to bill f. that I still can." He wrote that to Joan Williams in January 1953, when he was struggling with *A Fable*. By April he felt more confident. "Working at the big book," he wrote again to Joan Williams:

> *I know now—believe now—that this may be the last major, ambitious work; there will be short things, of course. I know now that I am getting toward the end, the bottom of the barrel. The stuff is still good, but I know now there is not very much more of it, a little trash comes up constantly now, which must be sifted out. And now, at last, I have some perspective on all I have done. I mean, the work apart from me, the work which I did, apart from what I am . . . And now I realize for the first time what an amazing gift I had: uneducated in every formal sense, without even very literate, let alone literary companions, yet to have made the things I made. I don't know where it came from. I don't know why God or gods or whoever it was, selected me to be the vessel. Believe me, this is not humility, false modesty: it is simply amazement. I wonder if you have ever had that thought about the work and the country man whom you know as Bill Faulkner—what little connection there seems to be between them . . . .*

"Simply amazement"—that is the reader's impression too, after studying Faulkner's life and again after this book of *Selected Letters*. It is true that the letters establish some unexpected connections between the life and the works. Some of the books were written as sequels to unhappy love affairs; thus *Mosquitoes* was meant to embalm his unrequited love for Helen Baird. Another novel was the sequel to his affair with Meta Carpenter. "I still felt so rotten yesterday morning that I had to do something," he wrote to Joan Williams in August 1952, "so suddenly I dug out the mss. of the big book"—*A Fable*—"and went to work on it; sudden-

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ly I remembered how I wrote *The Wild Palms*"—that was the Meta Carpenter book—in order to stave off what I thought was heart-break too. And it didn't break then and so maybe it won't now . . . ." Those are fascinating connections to the biographical critic, but they don't cast much light on "the work apart from me, the work which I did, apart from what I am."

As we learn from these letters, the period of his greatest imaginative fertility was comparatively brief. It began in the autumn of 1926, when he set to work on the Snopes trilogy and the Sartoris saga in the same month—perhaps in the same week—and it ended in December 1941, when he finished "The Bear." After that he was exhausted by financial problems and his imagination ceased to function at the same intensity. All his later books except *A Fable*, started in 1944, had been conceived in the earlier period of 15 years. Thus, *Requiem for a Nun* was first sketched out in 1933, while *Intruder in the Dust* (1948) and his last book *The Reivers* (1962) were both "incepted"—to use Falukner's word—in 1940. There is nothing in his life or letters, nothing in heredity or environment, to explain the extraordinary fecundity of those earlier 15 years. The reader, like Faulkner himself, can only accept the fruit of them with puzzled gratitude.

Malcolm Cowley

Malcolm Cowley is most recently the author of *A Second Flowering: Works and Days of the Lost Generation* (Viking).

The New Mencken Letters edited by Carl Bode

(Dial; $19.95)

H.L. Mencken *by David Schorr*

Has the hour not yet arrived when the barriers can be lifted, the trumpets blast a couple fanfares, and H.L. Mencken ushered into the pantheon of American immortals? For the past three decades (a stroke ended his career in 1948; he died in 1956) the reputation of the Sage of Baltimore has held in a kind of limbo. The liberals have not quite forgiven him his conviction that Franklin Roosevelt was an ass; the conservatives have remained uneasy about his notion that God and his sundry field workers were no better than a farcical amusement; the professors of English, with a mere handful of brave exceptions, have hardly rallied behind a man who damned their breed unto eternity. His supporters have been scattered but unwavering. Now and then one of the current lions of the national letters will acknowledge a debt to Mencken's ribald skepticism. More often, a political journalist will pop up to announce that no man ever understood the politicians of this republic better than Mencken. And, of course, there are all those anonymous readers who once were grabbed by a piece representing Mencken in top form, and who have haunted the libraries and bookstores ever since, looking for more of the same.

What has been lacking is an anchor—something to establish the fact that Mencken was not only original, but indelible. The present volume, if it does not provide exactly that, still goes further than any contribution of recent years. The editor, Carl Bode, professor of English at the University of Maryland, has previously issued a rather dull biography of Mencken, and an anthology of Mencken's early work. Here he contents himself, wisely, with an informative annotation. Prior to this, one volume of Mencken's correspondence has appeared. This was an edition put together by the French scholar Guy Forgue and published in 1961 by Knopf, Mencken's own publisher. The material in Forgue's volume was somewhat more formal than that in Bode's. In addition, it could not include the material which was only released in 1970.

The correspondence begins in 1905, when Mencken was 25 years old, and concludes half a century later, with a note from Mencken's secretary, Rosalind Lohrfinck, to George Jean Nathan, thanking his old ally for some cigars sent in honor of his 75th birthday. What comes between is the self-portrait of a man whose humor was matched only by Mark Twain's, and whose originality stands beside Whitman's in the catalogue of American literature. "I doubt that *mauve* is the word for me," he wrote Nathan in 1942, but, of course, one would not describe him in terms of color. Music was his first love, and he dangled words before our eyes only when he could get them ringing in our ears at the same time. Mencken produced sentences with more resemblence to Schubert's melodies than to the artifacts of his fellow wordsmiths. If authors were still read aloud today, Mencken would be every skeptic's fireside companion.

So far as the letters themselves are concerned, I doubt that there is a more entertaining collection in the English language. Will someone choose the simpering Emerson, the belching Dr. Johnson, or the snorting Henry Adams? Then I offer my challenge on grounds of

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consistency. Here is a mellow man who was unafraid to fire when necessary. From the Scopes trial he writes to his friend, Raymond Pearl, "This is far worse than anything you could imagine, even under the bowl. Every last scoundrel in sight is a Christian, including the town Jew. I begin to realize what life must have been like in Judea 1925 years ago. No wonder the Romans finally bumped off the son of Joseph. After an hour on the main street, listening to the bawling, I feel like loading a cannon with the rejecta of the adjacent hogs (Sus scrofa) and letting fly." Is there anywhere else in the literature of the land where the wounds of an honest man are so well dabbed with humor?

Mencken's character is as well noted in his love letters as any place. His courtship of Marion Bloom lasted from 1915 to 1923. Marriage was in the offing, but Mencken's doubts held him back from the final commitment. The whole affair was darkened by the lady's increasing immersion in Christian Science, which Mencken detested. Finally Miss Bloom broke the tension by marrying another man. "Dear Marion," wrote Mencken, "What am I to say? That I wish you the happiness that no one deserves so much as you do. That I have got out some old letters of yours, and re-read them, and burned them, and now sit down and smoke my pipe, and wonder what in hell it is all about." He was, from start to finish, an amoral man of Victorian habits.

He was also imbued with the scholarly spirit of his German forebears. If he had any devotional impulses within him, they were directed toward facts. *The American Language* was his supreme monument to this aspect of his temperament, but really all his writings are touched by it. He came upon the scene in the days when popular fiction had all the ladies weeping in their drawing rooms. He discovered Dreiser, and the rest is history. Why should the author of such ungainly prose garner his attention? Dozens of writers could compose more elegant paragraphs, and Mencken sent them his love. But he held reality above elegance, and saw in Dreiser's work a really dignified attempt to get the spirit of genuine people into American fiction. For his honesty, Dreiser was treated like a pornographer, and Mencken took up his cause. Two decades passed before the battle was won. Dreiser proved as credulous as any man; indeed, he became worse than most. His friendship with Mencken, always uneasy because of Mencken's refusal to take Dreiser's ideas seriously, went sour when Dreiser's stature was finally established. In later years it was resumed, but never on such warm terms as had existed during their years of struggle. All in all, their alliance was one of the noblest chapters in American literary history.

Mencken's other great literary friendship was with George Jean Nathan, the drama critic. Nathan was a far more amiable social companion than Dreiser, and yet he, too, could not keep from splitting with Mencken professionally. One year after they jointly founded *The American Mercury*, Nathan retired as editor. Where Dreiser had been too solemn and susceptible to quacks, Nathan was too frivolous to help edit a magazine intended to criticize all of American society.

Secure in old Baltimore, away from the buzz of New York, Mencken banged out his own view of the world, which turned out to be Nietzscheism humored by life in a great republic. But when the *Uebermensch* appeared in the guise of Franklin Roosevelt, Mencken rebelled with a fury surpassing that vented upon the smuthounds of old. The perceived difference between the New Deal and its predecessors was explained in a letter of March 8, 1937: "The ancient art of government, always practiced by quacks, is now passing into the hands of scoundrels. My belief is that the only way out is for the people of the world to arise some morning and hang all their governors." His performances recalled the old description of Brahms: a gypsy dancing in a corset skin. If he was what is blandly termed a "libertarian," then the word must define men of orderly minds who are constantly pursued by the spirits of anarchists.

Mencken claimed to have lived a happy life, fortified by the amusements of daily journalism, protected from sorrow by an absence of hope. "The greatest curse of humanity, it seems to me, is idealism. In its worst form it appears as religion. I have never seen that men and women are ever really benefitted by believing something that is palpably not true. My own conviction is that truth, in the long run, is always the best comfort" (letter to A. G. Keller, Jan. 22, 1943). He had written his epitaph 20 years before in the *Smart Set*, and Alistair Cooke quoted it to close his *Vintage Mencken*: "If, after I depart this vale, you ever remember me and have thought to please my ghost, forgive some sinner and wink your eye at some homely girl." We might do as much, and continue to read him, too. Happily, his bark reverberates down the decades. His work survives because it is incomparable, and therefore somewhat mysterious. Such a clear head should be more easily explained. Was he a pessimist or optimist? Liberal or conservative? Who can say? What does it matter? His views are rolled up and disgorged in that magnificent style. He was one of the natural aristocrats when he took to his typewriter. Read Mencken, and then read the others who have employed his forms and assayed his subjects. Beside him, they are all peasants or industrious plebeians. Should they challenge him with earnest indignation, he will laugh them all away.

Mitchell S. Ross

Mitchell S. Ross lives in Detroit and is the author of *The Literary Politicians*, to be published this fall (Doubleday).

Jefferson's Nephews by Boynton Merrill, Jr.

(Princeton University Press; $16.50)

One night in December 1811, in the kitchen cabin of his home on the Kentucky frontier, Lilburne Lewis, with the help of his younger brother Isham, killed and mutilated one of his slaves. The rest of Lilburne's slaves were assembled in the next room and made to build a fire, watch the murder, then help cremate young George. To any slave who gave away the murder Lilburne threatened to do the same.

Several hours into the ghastly cremation, the most severe earthquake ever recorded on this continent struck west Kentucky. Tremors collapsed the chimney of Lilburne's fireplace. The next day, while the earth continued shaking, Lilburne had his slaves rebuild the fireplace and chimney and hide George's remains in the masonry.

In January or February another tremor brought the chimney down again. George's unburned remains were exposed, and this time his murder was discovered. Lilburne and later Isham were charged with the crime, but before they could be brought to trial they formed a suicide pact. They botched this, too. Lilburne died, and subsequently Isham fled, never to be heard from again.

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Had Lilburne and Isham not been closely related to Thomas Jefferson, the whole tragedy might have had a brief notoriety. The killing of a slave was not so different from what white men were doing to Indians on the frontier; suicides were not unheard of. But Jefferson's image—or conscience—is entangled with the story.

Lilburne's death and Isham's flight only postponed their hearing. In *Jefferson's Nephews*, Boynton Merrill, Jr., conducts a judicious yet passionate inquiry into the Kentucky tragedy. Like a master tailor whose weaving doesn't show the stitches, Merrill has pieced together an astonishing history. He doesn't let sensational or improbable events set the tone. His low-pitched, correct prose is a great comfort against the fragility of personality and of social order which emerges.

Merrill's passion takes the form of a quiet perseverance, ranging far over place and time—from the Virginia beginnings of the Lewis family in 1619, through its rise and fall in the colonial aristocracy, to its move to Kentucky in 1808, and its devastation there three years later. The journey is filled with elegant portraits of local institutions and characters. We see colonial militia warming up to fight the British by attacking Indians and patrolling against slave uprisings. In Kentucky we attend sessions of the county court where it seems every adult white male in the population is suing his neighbors or being sued by them—a penetrating view of a scarce money economy.

Merrill's collection of American scenes had the force of primitive painting. Careers of frontier builders, revivalists, and politicians are traced, men you would expect to meet in the gambling room of a riverboat. Some of the most evocative passages describe the landscape before it was tamed. The passenger pigeon migrated in a flock "so huge that it took two days to pass overhead, flying at the speed of a mile a minute. Beneath this dense concentration the sunlight was attenuated to dusk, and the droppings fell like white rain."

Merrill treats social history like natural history, with similar laws of survival. So, the Virginia aristocracy grows in size and wealth until there isn't enough land to support them all, or their predators get them. When Col. Charles L. Lewis and his sons Randolph and Lilburne, of the aristocratic class, were squeezed out of Virginia, they migrated west to seek new fortunes in Kentucky.

Thomas Jefferson moves in and out of the narrative. From the outside he keeps a critical eye on events; when he's in the picture he maintains a low profile. Merrill tells us how this great advocate of a nation of small farmers was involved in a secretive scheme to control and profit from agricultural produce.

Jefferson was affectionate, but only from a distance, to his sister Lucy, her husband Col. Charles Lewis, and their family. True, he was in Washington and Europe while they were in Virginia, and he had hardly retired to Monticello when they left for Kentucky. But he went out of his way to avoid them. The Lewises were needy, unlucky, maladjusted, and eager to tap him for money and recommendations. What help he gave was intended to make them stand on their own feet. For example, when Isham begged him, in 1809, to help him find work, Jefferson spent three weeks teaching him to survey, then sent him to a job in Mississippi. Jefferson praised Isham at the time as being "'of excellent dispositions, correct in his conduct, and of a sound understanding.'"

Isham did not make good. He soon ended up in Kentucky with his brothers Randolph and Lilburne and "an unfortunate father" whose negligence he blamed for his discontent. The family's fortune continued to decline. Lilburne and Col. Lewis were hounded by debts; Randolph died leaving a wife and eight children; Isham defaulted on a suit and fled the county temporarily. Endless misfortune, including a miserable marriage, and an "inbred strain of mental instability" in the Lewis family, left Lilburne "deeply disturbed." The night he and Isham killed George, Lilburne was "drunk as well." This combination of circumstances, Merrill concludes, "is enough to explain the murder."

It may explain the murder, but the murder is only one act of the tragedy; and the tragedy has a different meaning to each of the parties involved. First, it is a tragedy of the aristocracy. For the Lewises, the loss of a whole male generation—Randolph, Lilburne and Isham—completes the family's ruin. They were people who had much to lose, and lost it all.

The title of the book and the message of the epilogue suggest that the tragedy is Jefferson's, too. As a relative of the Lewises, he must have been shaken by the second suicide in the family. Merriwether Lewis, governor of the Upper Louisiana Territory and a cousin to Lilburne, killed himself in 1809. As a humanitarian, Jefferson must have abhorred the killing of a slave, and as a democrat, shuddered at the failure of conscience and law to regulate people's behavior. But Jefferson was also a slaveholder. He detested slavery but he was never ready to abolish it. Could he have concluded that his participation in the system implicated him in his nephew's crime? Apparently, he did not.

Still, there is another way to look at it. Imagine the tragedy from the point of view of the slaves. It begins at birth for every person of African descent. The economic upheavals, deaths and marriages which compel white people to buy, sell, trade, inherit and bequeath slaves, disrupt black families and have dire psychological consequences.

George was 17 when he was murdered. Who mourned his death? He had a mother and a father, but his family tree is not included in the appendices. As we would expect, George left no traces, "except for a few sketchy comments written in the legend sources" and a few remarks in the oral tradition of Lilburne's wife's family. These sources say that George was "'an ill-thrived, ill-grown' boy." We know that just before his murder he had run off on a "skulking session." It sounds like he was quite unhappy. Indeed, these must have been terrible times for all of Lilburne's slaves.

The way Lilburne and Isham disposed of George deserves special comment. Multilation of slaves was common on Jamaica and other islands in the 17th and 18th centuries. Slave owners and their proxies did not have to be drunk or unusually deranged to mutilate a slave. It was done out of fear of slaves rebelling. Some commanders of slaveships recommended that at the start of every voyage one slave be mutilated in front of the others. Douglas Grant, in *The Fortunate Slave*, says the fear this generated among slaves "was not of pain, but of never returning home after death, which they believed they would do if they died physically intact."

We don't know what Lilburne's slaves thought of the afterlife—whether they feared mutilation would prevent their

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return home after death. Home for them was likely to be Virginia, or some other state east of Kentucky. It seems to me they would have believed their master capable of doing what he did, regardless of his character or the customs of his class. Word of such acts passed from generation to generation of Africans and Afro-Americans. Lilburne's slaves would have known that George's murder and mutilation was meant to refresh their understanding of the slavery contract by which slaves were deprived of all rights, dropping them off the human scale.

Theodore Rosengarten

Theodore Rosengarten is the author of *All God's Dangers: The Life of Nate Shaw* (Knopf).

The View from Highway 1 by Michael Arlen

(Farrar Straus & Giroux; $8.95)

In the sadly underdeveloped world of serious TV criticism, Michael Arlen has for years occupied a revered place. He is, by common agreement, our "best" TV critic—that is, the one person who has written about TV, on any sort of regular basis, with the kind of intelligence, sensitivity and commitment that we have come to associate with our best criticism of film, theater and the other arts. This reputation—a deserved one, to be sure—is derived mainly from the TV reviews that he wrote for *The New Yorker* from 1966 to 1968, which were later collected in his book *Living Room War*.

After a hiatus of several years, Arlen returned to *The New Yorker*'s TV beat in the fall of 1974, and he has, rather quickly, presented us with another volume of collected reviews, under the title *The View from Highway 1*. It's nice to have him back—if only as a reminder that serious, involved criticism of television *is* possible. Yet this new collection is disappointing. If Arlen still can claim the championship belt among TV critics, it is testimony, alas, less to Arlen himself than to the scarcity of worthy contenders.

There is certainly a good deal of first-rate criticism in the 22 essays that make up *The View from Highway 1*. No one has written so cogently, and from such a wide-ranging cultural, social and historical perspective, about the complex role that television plays in our society. His criticisms of TV news—that it never really came to grips with our whole Vietnam experience, that it depends too heavily on "official" spokesmen and statements—are sharp and to the point. In a perceptive discussion of the Norman Lear comedies, Arlen points out that anger is the "energizing dynamic" of these shows—not anger directed at anything in particular, but "a curious, modern, undifferentiated anger." He offers an intriguing analysis of the Howard Cosell-Tom Snyder school of abrasive TV interviewing. The tension-filled "edge" to their TV personae, says Arlen, disguises a basic noninvolvement:

> *In a sense, the bullying, the abrasions, the sadistic texture are only part of a smoke screen. The reason the aura of tension is never resolved is that there is no source behind it, beyond the personality of the announcer. The reason the hostility never leads anywhere is that it leads only back to itself. As Cosell's gravity is uninvolved, so are his anger and bullying.* "Kilmer *has been having* trouble *all evening finding* deep *receivers,*" *Cosell intones. There is a grudging, edgy quality buried in the voice—a sense of blame being placed (on Kilmer? on the deep receivers?), of belligerent emotions being slipped into this unimportant sentence, as if somehow to blow it into life and conceal the emptiness at the center.*

But for the most part, reading Arlen's criticism has become a strangely disheartening experience. It is instructive to compare these newer pieces with those in *Living Room War*. The newer ones are, first of all, generally longer and more "weighty." Arlen has almost completely abandoned straight "reviewing" of individual shows in favor of broader discussions of genres (action shows, children's programming) and issues (how TV portrays women, or deals with the subject of death). Even in the few essays that focus on a single show—NBC's *Saturday Night* or PBS's *Upstairs, Downstairs*, for example—Arlen uses them mainly as pretexts for more general comments on TV and its large-scale impact.

As if to accomodate these grander aims, Arlen's writing style has changed as well. The spontaneity, the energy, and the humor that made his earlier criticism so readable have vanished—replaced by a dry, professorial detachment. His essays typically begin with a lengthy, straight-faced summary of a program or series of programs, followed by a statement like, "What does one make of such a list . . . ?" or "It's hard to know what a 'survey' of this kind proves . . . . " The raw data is presented to us, and then soberly "analyzed." Arlen's writing, to put it bluntly, has become dull.

More to the point, Arlen's criticism has drifted further and further away form the actual *experience* of watching TV. One reaches the end of this collection and realizes that there has been virtually no mention of acting, writing, directing—the things that we actually *see* on the screen. What we get instead is a series of lofty judgments about TV and its social and cultural implications. Often these judgments seem terribly fusty and remote. For example, Arlen spends a great deal of time chronicling a week's worth of TV's references to death, only to arrive at the unspectacular conclusion that "television . . . has settled into a role of largely ignoring the reality of death." News reports of disasters convert death into cold statistics, says Arlen, and the people killed on crime shows are mostly anonymous victims of violence. "In almost no instances of fictional death on television do the dead victims or their deaths have any depth or meaning—or, sometimes, even identity—for the audience." Aside from the fact that Arlen's disembodied "survey" of a week's television nicely loads the issue ("On *Gunsmoke* two men were killed in a gunfight. On *Born Free* a man was killed by a leopard . . . ."), this seems to me spurious. I've seen plenty of grieving widows on crime shows, and several of the Norman Lear shows have attempted, in their heavy-handed way, to deal with the subject of death. And what about those bereft parents who are always being accosted by TV reporters after a tragedy (something Arlen himself complains about elsewhere)? These treatments of death may be just as distasteful and phoney as TV's treatment of most other difficult subjects, but then let's look at why *that* is so, rather than settling for the pious and unhelpful observation that "TV ignores the reality of death."

At the root of the problem is the

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impression Arlen gives that he simply doesn't enjoy TV much any more. The excitement, the fascination with the medium that he conveyed in his early criticism (when he could revel in the plot, say, of an episode of *Mission Impossible*) is gone; increasingly, Arlen is coming to look like a cranky old communications professor, castigating the "boob tube" for turning our minds into oatmeal. Two satirical narratives of a "typical" American family's life with the TV set are particularly arch and offensive: do we really need someone telling us again that all most families do on New Year's Day is watch football?

Clearly, what Arlen cares about most is not TV itself (that is, the content of TV programming) but the ways in which TV intersects with the larger concerns of society. Thus, the really important thing about Howard Cosell and Tom Snyder, Arlen tells us, is the fact that they are nurturing "the disconnection already present in our society." Thus Arlen's special, overriding interest in TV's coverage of the war in Vietnam—which he calls "the central fact of American Life since the Second World War." It is significant that the titles of both his collections of TV criticism refer to Vietnam, even though only three articles in the current volume are devoted to the subject—as if Arlen is attempting to justify his interest in TV by identifying it with a suitably "important" social issue.

Certainly there is a place for Arlen's kind of socially aware criticism. We need critics who have a basic sympathy and enthusiasm for the medium, who aren't afraid to dirty their hands in the day-to-day muck of television in order to discern just what is wrong with it—and to pick out the stuff worth saving. We need critics who *care* about TV, who aren't embarrassed to be writing about it. We need Michael Arlen, too; the unfortunate thing is that he's all we have to choose from.

Richard Zoglin

Richard Zoglin is a freelancer who writes frequently about television.

Reconsideration

Recent Books on the Press

The Kingdom and the Power
by Gay Talese

Here at the New Yorker
by Brendan Gill

The Voice
by Ellen Frankfort

All the President's Men
by Carl Bernstein & Bob Woodward

E.M. Forster once called curiosity "one of the lowest of the human faculties." "By itself," he said, "it takes us only as far as the story." Would that it did. Plenty of stories in the recent spate of books on life inside the houses of the press gratify an impulse very like curiosity: they offer gossip about despotic editors; occcasional disquisitions sorting mere reporters from real writers; amusing anecdotes about the virtues (few) and vices (many) of owners and founders at the respective presses. Although they are not novels, several of the books even have something like a plot or purpose, the term Forster was defining in his essay. Woodward and Bernstein manage to keep Watergate's plot well subordinated to the day-in-the-life plot of their own investigations with the result that we are more engaged in discovering the mysterious identity of their government informant than in the government he informs upon. Whereas Gay Talese heroizes both the grand and the grubby running the establishment kingdom of *The New York Times*, Ellen Frankfort detects anti-heroes lurking behind the anti-establishment façade of *The Village Voice*. And Brendan Gill's purpose is to conduct us round the hushed, leather-cushioned inner sanctum of an Anglophiliac club.

If eager sales and angry reviews are any indication, none of these books gives us the story we seem to want, and at the moment tolerance for anything less, at least from the people whom we think may have a story, seems to be very low. Animadversions on the music of verbs and nouns on Olympus are pleasant; a squib about Clifton Daniel's demeanor, suave, at regular afternoon meetings of his editorial staff is engaging; the fact that Harrison Salisbury was at one time cordially despised by the entire newsroom is titillating. But such scraps from the banquet of celebrities only interfere with the ideal conspiracy of aims between author and reader. We had hoped after all that some words among these many thousands would make us privy, at last, to important goings on behind the closed doors of powerful institutions.

If the books are to be faulted for merely indulging our simple curiosities, we are to be chastised for naivete. Apparently we are finding it more difficult than ever to abandon the notion that the press is omnipotent, that reporters are not only glamorous but superior in their capacity to understand and therefore interpret our dilemmas and reveal our unknowns. A great number of shocking disclosures about the government and its machinery, about secret and not-so-secret papers, about election campaign methods that bent ethics out of recognizable shape forced us into awareness that we know little about the operations of big institutions and less about how society is organized. The Watergate investigations and prosecutions should have reassured us that all was now well in God's country. They generated instead a suspicion that other Watergates are embedded so deeply in the very structure of our society that detecting them is unlikely and preventing them impossible. In this post-Watergate mood, industry's sheer bigness, the complexity of governing agencies, the tentacles of once local problems—crime, housing—stretching into a wilderness of state and federal programs for their solutions frighten and frustrate Americans bred on Emersonian ideals of self reliance. Bigness forces us to depend on scientific and technological experts while robbing us of the power to comprehend in any clear fashion exactly what it is that experts do. Media, ever alert to a new mood or trend, have been responding to these fears of being baffled and manipulated with a plethora of books, articles and TV programs about presidents, about the military-industrial complex, and now about itself. Yet in spite of the worm's eye view all these intended panaceas adopt, they cannot alleviate our mistrust of either bigness or power since they are produced by one of the very megaliths committed to the maintenance of the power elite. We read about the inner workings and are reminded they belong to the bogey.

Ironically enough, all these books disassociate their presses from the evils of hugeness by that old trick of domestication. Giving us verbal and visual candid shots of the press with its socks off, or slick chat about sib-reporter

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rivalries, or misleading metaphors comparing the newpaper to a family tends now as it did in childhood to reduce "tygers" to "tiggers." The same end is achieved when Talese interjects references to, say, Herbert Matthews's expertise in Cuban affairs for it suggests that his coverage of the Castro takeover was completely exempt from the *Times*'s usual editorial controls. Best of all palliations is the omission in these books of any discussion about what any American press can and cannot do.

Take Ellen Frankfort's book, the most recent in this genre. *The Village Voice* in the '60s spoke to and for a counter-culture that promised to explode our complacency about presidential infallibility, that spearheaded the challenge to foreign policy in Vietnam, that demonstrated for civil rights, prison reform, and women's equality. To Frankfort, to the readership of that *Voice*, older and disaffected now, these issues are still urgent, although they are no longer making front pages on any paper and certainly not on the new *Voice*. Yet Frankfort's underside of life at the Voice implies rather than articulates the responsibility of capitalism for the failure of both counter-culture and *The Village Voice* to achieve their goals. Opposition to elitism spurs her attacks on the once poorboy owners and editors who make it rich and then dismiss their moral obligation as young radicals to redistribute their own wealth. Her biographies nevertheless reduce these men to the small sum of their personal disabilities so that her radicalism is submerged in digressive psychologizings that explain neither the complex dynamics of people at work nor the operation of the press as an institution. Well known dichotomies between money and ideals underplay rather than highlight her sketches of women reporters exploited, it turns out, as much by their masochism as by their bad father-editors. Corruption among aristocrats of media and publishing may be as inherent and pervasive as she suggests, but since she stops short of spelling out the extent to which *all* media are dependent upon class interest and government control she limits the force of her argument and puts herself to costly sacrifices of interest and clarity. Costly because the real scoop on what news is reported and why is tightly linked to how ideals are compromised with the bureaucratic juggernaut and private enterprise. Cynicism is not yet so endemic among us that we yawn at portraits of men grown wealthy on the bandwagon of a cause. So Frankfort will be more damned than the other authors for reneging on issues she herself raises, ones that Talese dodges with impunity since *The New York Times* is nearly synonymous with the establishment we feed and dread, that Woodward and Bernstein can sidetrack by subordinating the importance of their subject to a ride on their own glory train, and that Gill can rightly treat as utterly beside the point of his tattle about effete grammarians.

Accountability is misunderstood. We believe newspapers are supposed to give their readers the whole story because they say they do, overlooking both their pragmatic needs to sell papers and their inextricable involvement in their own and their advertisers' corporate interest. Related fallacies are more pernicious. Newspapers, magazines and TV, like other forms of popular culture, depend upon the myth that they have no point of view, that they exist somewhere outside the social process. Even while they tout their products to advertisers as influential to one or another consumer group and churn out value-laden print, they deny they have any impact beyond momentary escapism. The claim is tantamount to a pretense to have nothing to do with serious world problems: their aim is to fill an idle hour. The split here between fact and fancy has to do with their sense of themselves and ours. Neither Talese nor Frankfort nor Woodward and Bernstein would represent his press as totally non-ideological. In fact the public-political sympathies of these presses range from the *Times*'s vague liberalism to the *Voice*'s raucous leftism. The labels, however, are more useful to identify the socio-economic class of the newspaper's readers than the newspaper's real-politik, since editorial policies no less than paid advertisements tend to promote the status quo. Yet because disseminating news is an essential service, performed, it is true, as objectively and thoroughly as possible by the major presses, they tend to see themselves as part of the knowledge industry, as cultural-informational institutions wholly separate from other media forms, and hence see their product as utterly without a political valence.

No longer written by and for the gentles, nor yet quite the commercial ventures their publishers would wish, a book's accountability is its author's burden. To whom did these writers address themselves? Since neither Talese nor Woodward and Bernstein is critical or polemical, the question seems gratuitous. Frankfort on the other hand invites the question and suffers its answer, for her arrraignment of the *Voice* suggests she genuinely wanted to make it accountable to a dispassionate world at large, called to witness—or to arms. That miscalculation may be at the heart of her book's problems. The world at large is probably a chimera; it's certainly a reluctant partisan to causes less than grand or vital. Frankfort's scattershot at the paper's abuse of its political influence, her righteous prosecution of the male enemy entrenched within, her anger at the passivity of females stranded without do not compel allegiance. Evidence of unfair employment practices might be cautionary advice to other writers, might even be a microcosm of industry-wide economic discrimination. But when in dismay at her sister-reporters' unwillingness to testify against boss villains, she levels her sights at their problematic childhoods, their lovers, their bad habits of mind and forfeits our potential support and compromises her stance as spokeswoman against injustices.

Our perfectability may well be linked to our capacity for outrage; both, unfortunately, are at issue when confusion and frustration characterize our social malaise. Exposés are dangerous. The mood of complicity they generate, the accusatory atmosphere in which they thrive open their authors to suspicions that arguments from policy mask other quarrels. The more indignant the attack, the louder its possible backfire, and the more likely our conviction that we are not getting the whole story. If at the moment we find it difficult to adopt an attitude of sweet reasonableness about books that tantalize with factitousness, we are still more impatient with books that tease our better selves. They touch a nerve that will not be anaesthetized by a dose of curiosities.

Marianna da Vinci

Marianna da Vinci teaches English at Rutgers and is the author of *Man, Myth, Monument* (Morrow).

Coming:
Alfred Kazin on Hemingway

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The Back of the Book

Conversation With A Patriot

Getting by, I lied. How about yourself?

Flourishing. Never better. [*But he has always been an optimist. This time he wore a pale blue leisure suit, with a white belt and white shoes.*] It's a polyester double knit [*catching me study the outfit*]. Do I look like a congressman?

I allowed he looked prosperous.

And free, he added. My advantage these days is that no one believes in me. People still recognize trouble, occasionally even sin, but thanks to inflation and psychiatrists they no longer believe in evil. [*He walked with me by the Potomac, near the Kennedy Center.*] I in turn have become a culture figure—mighty flattering. [*He gets pink and wide-eyed when he talks like that, so you know he's laughing at you*] Did you catch me in *Rosemary's Baby* or *The Exorcist* or *The Omen*, *Carrie* or *The Sentinel*? Not bad for a has-been. [*He smiled.*] The last picture about God was *Where Angels Go, Trouble Follows.*

But you've been a culture figure before. [*I was trying to sound learned, not encouraging.*] *Dante, Tasso, Marlowe, Milton, Goethe, Byron, Shelley, Beaudelaire, Poe, Shaw, Mark Twain—they were fascinated by you.*

Honored, I'm sure, he said. But bad publicity. Milton made me out to be some left-wing hoodlum. (He was blinded later, you know.) Can any intelligent soul believe that I was driven out of heaven? [*I reminded him that that's how the story goes.*] Don't you know that hell came first? And a splendid place it was, still is, gracious and unperturbed—until one of our number decided that hell wasn't big enough for him. "Love it or leave it," I said; which he did. *He* left *me*.

Taking hope with him.

That's what Dante and Shaw thought [*chuckling*]. But the people of hell haven't abandoned hope; we live on it—hope to acquire, to gain, to win, and of course hope to cleanse oneself in the process. Citizens of hell hope all the time. It's what makes us appreciate Americans.

If hell is paradise, I asked, why fight for the Earth?

I've grown fond of the Earth. Particularly lately, particularly this part [*his gesture encompassed Washington*]. There also are principles and politics at stake. If one dissident builds one constituency, thousands may follow. Soon there is pandemonium, war and chaos. I cannot abide chaos.

People think otherwise, I told him.

Slander [*looking upward*]. In Egypt I was Apap the serpent. In Germany, Hel and Loki. Among the Hindus, Siva. The Zoroastrians called me Ahriman—always the same dull character, playing with fire and asphyxiating gases: a tempter, liar, destroyer, corrupter, confuser, one who lives for commotion. *Me*. It's enough to make a man weep.

Fear me, if it makes you happy; but give me my due. I *hate* disorder. I *love* things in their place, which is why I'm enchanted with this country where there is a neat place for the rich and one for the poor, and still another for the old, and the old poor and the old rich; and places for coal miners and others for painters; places for families, and sub-places for singles; hotels for children, hotels for dogs—everybody in place, and nobody trespassing on another's place, except to take occasional advantage. Why man, it's heaven.

We're not perfect, I said, if that's what you mean. But we're better than we were. We've got more civil liberties than before, more education, more money, more leisure, more health care.

Good for you [*he patted my arm*]. More power to you. But I'm a man for the little things: neighborhoods, museums, restaurants, books, movies, clothes, music—the *tastes* of people; society's heroes; the daily conduct of lives. These are the works of the heart, my boy, and the heart will confound your laws every time.

Don't get me wrong, he added. I'm all for freedom, providing it's used to elaborate on separations. For what happens in a fluid culture but the most diabolical catastrophes? Self-esteem is shaken; one's firmest opinions about others are rattled; habits are called into question; riot is everywhere. Life grows asymmetrical, unbalanced, a nightmare of disorder.

We had that nightmare in the '60s, I said, which wasn't heaven from any standpoint.

From mine it was. Because that insignificant period led to this one as surely as the night the day. Now I read of *Playboy*'s new ad campaign—"good news for American business. Today's young men are no longer committed to poverty." That's the ticket. "The same intensity these people brought to causes in the 1960s they now direct at themselves." Terrific. And Claudine Longet won't enter her jail cell until it's decorated to taste. Delightful. While beneath this splendid self-interest seethe some remarkable perversions. Have you seen the Gary Gilmore t-shirt? he asked. There's a bull's-eye on it.

And you're responsible for these things?

Me? I'm on a pension, my boy. I'm not responsible for anything. All I do is stay home and watch television.

Sit coms. I guessed that he watched sit coms.

Not exclusively, he answered. I just enjoy sitting in the dark. There I feel like a full-fledged American, alone in a closed place, with a strong square light that carries me a picture of others in the pretense of connections. And my mind drifts away as I watch, to things I might buy for myself, to a larger room some day, tomorrow perhaps, with more and fancier chairs and china; thence to a houseful, a mansionful of such rooms, all elegant and mine, packed with things that reflect upon me, my glory, gold things in particular, whose sheen I like; and eventually out to a lawn of my own that stretches past my trees to the street; then, maybe soon, to a river, also mine, beyond which roll my own hills and glades; and (who knows?) but the sky as well someday; so that I might pivot in my sky at the end of an afternoon of one of my infinite vacations, reassure myself that no other being is in sight, return over my hills and river (and golf courses and tennis courts), re-enter my house room through room, until I settle again in my chair and call Walter Cronkite to my attention.

It sounds terrible, I said.

Your own dream? [*He laughed.*]

We walked without speaking for a while. Finally I remarked that the image he created of himself was far more vivid than that of the writers we mentioned earlier.

Yes, he said. Those Satan-goes-for-a-soul stories; so funny and innocent.

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Imagine me interested in any individual soul, wasting my time merely to enroll one German doctor or Yankee lawyer.

Martin Luther took me too seriously, as did Stevenson and Wilde. Kant didn't take me seriously enough; he thought I only live inside *you [pushing his index finger on my chest, and causing a shiver]*. Shakespeare called me "a gentleman"; that was nice. Defoe wrote a clever history. And James Hogg's *Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner* did me proud.

But my favorite is still George Meredith's "Lucifer in Starlight." *[We paused at the Jefferson Memorial, where he recited the sonnet, overplaying it.]*

On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose.
Tired of his dark dominion, swung the fiend
Above the rolling ball, in cloud part screened,
Where sinners hugged their specter of repose.
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.
And now upon his western wing he leaned,
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.

Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,
The army of unalterable law.

The poem isn't factual, of course, but the idea of "unalterable law" is a great comfort. It's good for people to believe that there's a God's place and a Devil's, like their own several places. Keeps the peace, you see, keeps it adamant.

Besides, he smiled. The sonnet is beautiful, and I'm an admirer of beauty.

Roger Rosenblatt

TRB, *from page 2*

Stable population, my eye! "Relative importance of immigration as a component of population growth has and will increase significantly as a decline in birthrate lowers the natural increase," says the council, headed by former Attorney General Edward Levi, with nine members of cabinet rank. Just the legal immigrants alone (400,000 a year), plus descendants, will swell US population in 2000 AD by "15 million—nearly one-fourth of the total projected population increase for that period." The US has the most open immigration policy of any nation on earth. By 2035 AD, the report continues, "all growth will derive from immigration." Already today, it says, legal immigrants account for about 30 percent of growth. Not a word about that in the news weeklies' picturesque fairy tales about "stabilization."

If illegal immigration continues the projection will be enormously bigger. How many illegals are there? The "most recent estimates" of illegals, the Levi report says, "run to several million yearly." If the figure is only a million, the report says, the presumed population growth of the nation "is in effect doubled."

Commissioner Chapman is a gallant soldier put up to defend a salient that everybody else has forgotten. Misapprehensions are rife. *Time* magazine has a cozy little projection; if present fertility and mortality rates remain constant, it says, US population "may stabilize around the year 2025 at between 260 million and 270 million." The authoritative Domestic Council report has a somewhat different projection. If illegal immigration continues at the rate, say, of 800,000 a year, it figures US population in 2025 at 305 million. That's a difference from *Time* of 40 million people, or all of present New England and New York combined. It comes from including the illegal alien factor.

Perhaps nobody cares very much anyway; few Americans seem to. Meanwhile General Chapman guards his lonely post, and the Marrying Marys do what they can.

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Washington Diarist

Life Near the Top

Faced with an irreconcilable conflict between two widely publicized instructions to his high-level advisers, President Carter wisely decided to revoke his order requiring that all cabinet members read each new regulation issued by their departments. As I see it, it was either that or renege on his request that they occasionally spend time at home with their families. Without doubting for a moment Carter's sincere and well-meaning intentions, I am sorry to report that this second order also is something of a bust, at least as a public-relations venture. In Washington, the length of time spent in the office is considered a measure of manhood. None of Carter's staff members (including the women) is secure enough yet in his (or her) Potomac machismo to declare publicly an intention to go home at a reasonable hour.

Carter's analysis of the problem posed by Bob Woodward's revelations in *The Washington Post* concerning CIA payments to King Hussein was that White House staff members can't keep a secret. Therefore he reduced, from 20 to five, the number of people with access to CIA information. His analysis of the problem posed by revelations in *The New York Times* and elsewhere that he had met with Woodward and the *Post*'s Ben Bradlee and attempted to discourage publication of the story was that members of the congressional leadership (whom he had told about the meeting) can't keep a secret either. The President is full of regrets. He regrets the revelation of the payments, and he regrets the revelation of his regrets. "How the President felt about that editorial decision is a matter the President considered to be private and intended to remain private," Jody Powell said. "We regret that it did not remain private." I am waiting to hear that he regrets—or even that he doesn't regret—that the CIA made these payments, and regrets that he attempted to discourage the *Post* from publishing the story. But all he regrets is that other people know about these things, and I suppose he regrets that people know about this regret, too.

The *Post*'s attitude toward its own revelations is somewhat bizarre. This remarkable newspaper actually solicited the White House's advice in advance about whether to publish the Hussein story. I don't understand it. Ben Bradlee is much too dignified to take pleasure in taunting and torturing the President of the United States (especially one so easily stimulated to regrets), and much too sophisticated to invent bogus reasons for an invitation to visit the Oval Office. Yet the *Post*'s official line on publishing government secrets is well established since the days of the Pentagon Papers, and precludes any possibility that Carter could have persuaded Bradlee and Woodward to change their minds. The *Post* believes that it is the government's job to guard its own secrets, and the press's job to root out these secrets and reveal them to the world; no quarter asked or given on either side. Indeed last week the *Post* actually *congratulated* Carter on the wisdom of his decision to restrict access to CIA information following its own scoop. (Jody Powell reciprocated by declaring that the *Post* had displayed "a very responsible attitude" in the affair: after you, Alphonse.) This I also do not understand. Either it was right that the public know about CIA payments to King Hussein, or it was not right. The *Post* seems to assume that there is some sort of invisible hand at work, assuring that the proper balance is struck and relieving it of any responsibility for restraint. And now there is a new fillip in the ritual: you give the government an opportunity to embarrass itself by attempting to suppress the secret, then publish triumphantly on schedule.

And speaking of the *Post*: in reporting the decision of the US Court of Appeals that a company cannot own both a newspaper and a broadcasting station in the same town, unless such joint ownership is "clearly . . . in the public interest," the *Post* said that the ruling meant that the Washington Post Co. would have to divest itself either of its local radio and television stations in Washington or of *The Washington Post*. Now, I ask you: do you expect to read an announcement one day that, in order to keep the local radio and television stations, the Washington Post Co. has divested itself of *The Washington Post*?

I regret to report that the objectivity of America's scholarly community once again is threatened by the subtle penetration of pro-Soviet bias, as William Buckley so perceptively warned us in his book, *God and Man at Yale*, a quarter-century ago. This time there is a new and awe-inspiring culprit: the American business community. According to Professor Richard Pipes, quoted in a recent *Wall Street Journal*, Harvard's Russian Research Center is having difficulty raising money from corporations because, "A lot of businessmen are hesitant to finance us for fear of antagonizing the Russians." Pipes says the Center faces "the problem of justifying ourselves to the business community that we aren't hostile" to the Soviets, and he worries that this may affect the neutrality of the Center's scholarship. It is a sad day for American capitalism when it can no longer trust the Russians to pervert American scholarship on their own.

A perceptive friend pointed out to me that the most remarkable financial information revealed last week by Carter's cabinet officers and advisers was not the $500,000 Joe Califano earned in 1976 practicing Washington law or the $400,000 Bendix Corporation paid Michael Blumenthal, but rather the figures concerning outside income earned by the four appointees from the academic world. Each of them more than doubled his or her university salary, primarily, it appears, through fees paid by corporations for sitting on their boards of directors. Not surprisingly, Juanita Kreps was the big winner; last year she made $30,100 as vice president of Duke, and $61,150 as director of seven corporations and the New York Stock Exchange. Carter dealt a devastating blow to corporate tokenism when he removed both her and Pat ("two-for-one") Harris ($40,536 last year) from circulation. The duties of a corporate director are not onerous. Lord Boothby, who serves on the board of a number of British corporations, once described the pleasure of making a living as a corporate director, "it's heaven . . . like a perpetual hot bath."

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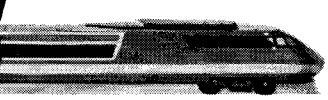

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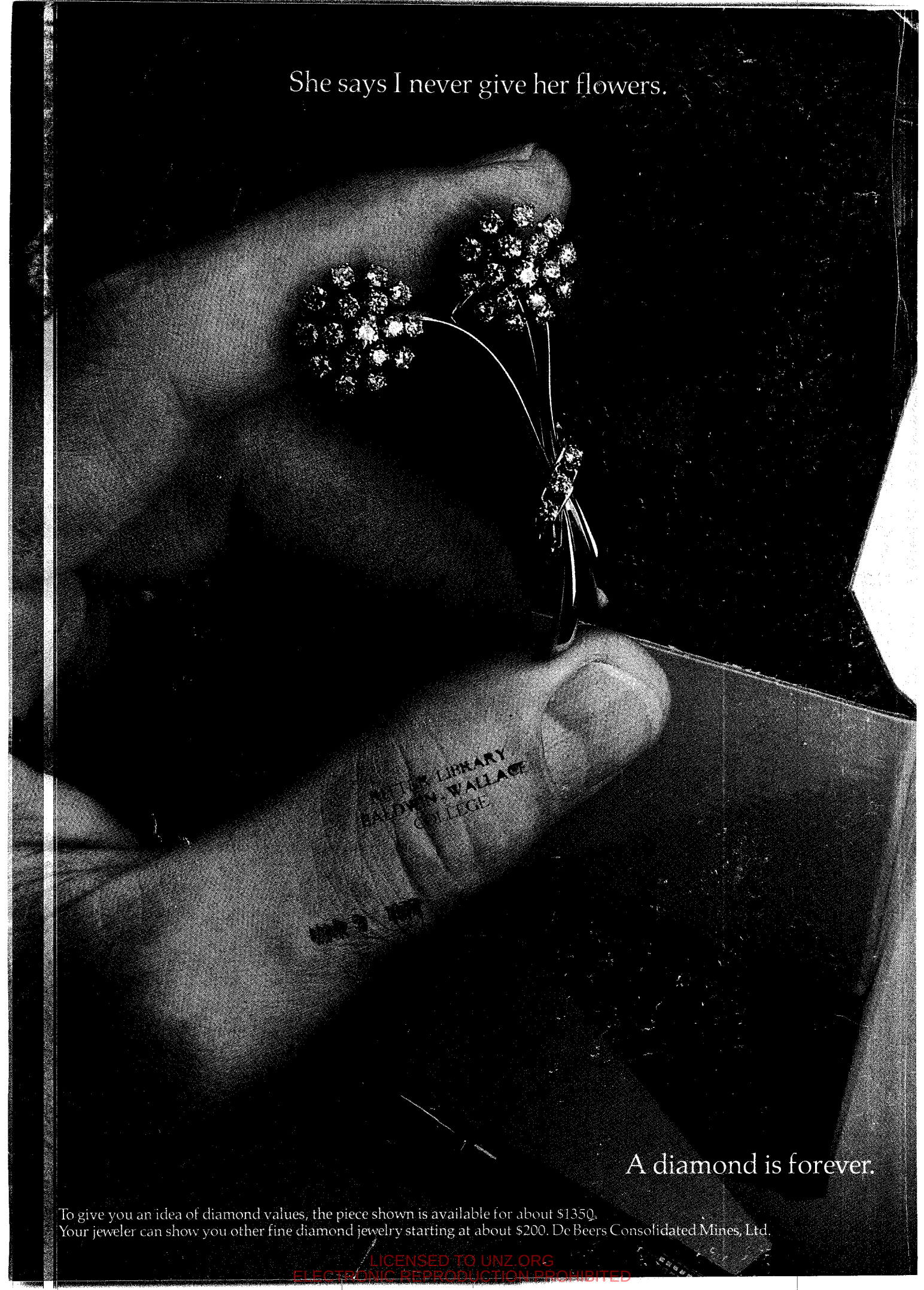
She says I never give her flowers.
A diamond is forever.
To give you an idea of diamond values, the piece shown is available for about $1350.
Your jeweler can show you other fine diamond jewelry starting at about $200. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

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